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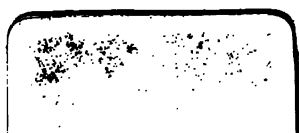
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46.

390.







# IMAGINATIONS

AND

## IMITATIONS,

BY

HOPE.

---

"The past is the Poet's—that world is his own—  
"Thence hath his music its truth and its tone."

L. E. L.



LONDON :  
JOHN OLLIVIER, 59, PALL MALL.

1846.



**DEDICATED**

**TO ONE**

**WHOSE SIMPLE TONES**

**ARE BREATHING IN THESE PAGES ;**

**WHOSE VOICE IS THE VOICE OF JOY ;**

**WHOSE BRIGHT TREASURE, AND WHOSE FAIR BEAUTY**

**ARE THE SUNSHINE AND THE LOVELINESS OF**

**FAITH AND TRUTH ;**

**WHOSE SPIRIT**

**IS**

**PEACE,**

**AND WHOSE MOTTO**

**IS**

**HOPE.**





## P R E F A C E.

---

THE brightest skies are sometimes overcast, the fairest prospects may be dimmed by a passing shower, but the tears of nature give place to the glories of the rainbow, and the glad sunlight triumphs over the shade. Again,—night dews glisten upon the earth, but the morning sun smiles them away, and even as they fall, they are held to be the promise of a clearer morrow ; and though darkness may overshadow the face of nature, we know that the grey beams of the returning sun will tremble into being, and bring light, and life, and enchantment to the landscape. Just so is it with the heart and the hopes of man. Truly has it

been said, that "Man is a mass of contradictions, "and that there is scarce one enjoyment that does "not partake of pain—one apprehension that is "not mingled with a hope—one hope that is not "chequered by a fear." But though "there are no roses without thorns," it happily is equally true, and I appeal to the experience of my readers to bear me out in the assertion, that there is no sorrow without a balm, no pang without a remedy, no heart without a hope !

And to the deep sense that I entertain of this truth, and to the sweet consolation that is ever springing from it, may be traced much that is hopeful in my writings, and more, far more that is trustful in my heart.

To the same feeling may be ascribed the publication of my book ; and I yield to it, even though by so doing I may incur the charge of vanity : but *Hope will hope* ; and though I cannot pretend that the bright wishes which I am fond to indulge for my book, wishes which may easily be surpassed, or may never be realized, though it

were untrue to say that they are not even now sometimes overshadowed by a cloud, yet, to trespass on a scene of lofty imagery, it is rather as by the partial eclipse of the sun, than as by the total eclipse of the moon, that this occasional darkness is produced : there is ever a ring, or a crescent of light beaming sweetly and softly over the passing shade, just as there are voices that whisper in the stillness of the night, and breathe faint echoes of joy, and love, and remembrance, until the sweet harpings of memory yield silently to the fuller tones, and the louder harmony, which throw their dim and mysterious spell over the future.

These are the voices that I love to listen to ; these are the tones that to me are irresistible ; soft, and sweet, and changeful, they steal upon the spirit ; beautiful with the dear music of memory, and won from the silver chords of association ; a concert in themselves, though but a prelude to the rapturous melody beyond.

On this, the eve of my entrusting my book to the calm and impartial judgment of the public, it

may be to float buoyantly on the bright waves of popular opinion ; to stem the tide of criticism, and withstand even the breath of the displeasure of a critic ; or perhaps, without the privilege even of being abused, to glide unconsciously down the stream of forgetfulness into the dull waters and the dim recesses of oblivion ; whatever may be the success, or the want of success, of my undertaking, I gladly take occasion to acknowledge the kindness of those who have aided my labours, detecting not a few faults, and softening and interweaving their criticism with kind accents of encouragement.

I have yet more to acknowledge: the many beautiful pieces which I have introduced as mottoes,—voices, as it were, speaking alike with the sublimity and the tenderness of eloquence,—and gems stolen from the brightest tiara of poetry, which it has been my delight to collect, and from which a skilful hand might easily weave a chaplet of the choicest flowers. Will the authors pardon me ? Nay, will they not allow me to thank them

for their words which I have quoted, and for their sentiments which I have borrowed? Atonement has been made as far as lay in my power; and I am sure that the extracts which I have selected are such as must reflect credit even on the great names which are attached to them.

I cannot close my labours without a few more words to my readers. Some pieces I have written thoughtfully, dwelling on them with unspeakable interest; others almost carelessly, the offspring of a passing thought, and the relief of a weary hour. Thus they cannot but be unequal; and they are given to you in the hope that some few may shine forth from among the rest, as impatient of their companionship with the others, and destined to reflect some little credit on their humble Author.

Read them then, and read them with a favouring eye, as the fond imaginations and the cherished sentiments of

“HOPE.”

London, Jan. 27th, 1846.



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## ERRATA.

Page 38, line 11, *for* "welcome" *read* "welcomed."

Page 141, line 9, *for* "thoughts" *read* "thought."

Page 145, line 5, *for* "wreaths" *read* "wreathes."

Page 149, line 5, *for* "bright" *read* "brief."

Page 174, last line, *for* "James the First," *read* "James the First of Scotland."

Page 218, line 6, *for* "gently" *read* "changeeful."



## FAITH.

“Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.”

“The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and lifteth up all those that be bowed down.”

PSALM cxlv. 13, 14.

“Oh! the peace which a true Christian might possess, if he would take God at his word, and trust him to make good his promises.”

“Faith ought so to people all the future with the presence, the guardianship, the love, and the faithfulness of God, that the soul, in her journeyings and her searchings, should find no cause for anxiety, and no ground for fear.”

MELVILL'S SERMONS.

“We are certain that we are cared for in our temporal capacity; and we conclude, therefore, that we cannot have been neglected in our eternal.”

“And then, finding that unless redeemed through the sacrifice of Christ, there is no supposable method of human deliverance,—it is not the brightness of the moon as she travels in her lustre, and it is not the array of stars which are marshalled in the firmament, that shall make us deem it incredible that God would give his Son for our rescue; rather since moon and stars light up man's home, they shall do nothing but assure us of the Creator's loving-kindness: and thus render it a thing to be believed—though still amazing, still

stupendous,—that He, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and whose dominion endureth throughout all generations, should have made himself to be sin for us, that He might uphold all that fall, and lift up all those that be bowed down."

MELVILL'S SERMONS.

## FAITH.

•

BRIGHT flash, that gleams across my dazzled eyes,  
And in the sudden darkness quickly dies ;  
Dread sound, that bursts upon the awe-struck ear,  
The louder echo of a loftier sphere ;  
Well does your message reach man's inmost heart,  
And force him from his carelessness to start !

Yet 'tis not only by the lightning's aid  
That man may see Thy majesty displayed ;  
'Tis not alone the crashing thunder's peal,  
Whose loud-toned voice Thy presence can reveal :  
No—gracious Father, in Thy mercy shines  
Much that our love with holy fear combines :



The every blessing which Thy bounty gives,  
And thoughtless man unthankfully receives ;  
The air we breathe ; the light that glows around ;  
The trees with fruit, the fields with verdure crowned ;  
The soothing shade, the glaring sun, unite  
To own the presence of the Lord of light.

Whether on earth's benignant face we gaze,  
And ponder on the Holy One of Days ;  
Or raise the more aspiring thought on high,  
And hail Thee God of all Eternity ;  
Whether in lowlier tone the still small voice  
Bids faith, and hope, and charity rejoice ;  
Or from the glowing well-springs of the heart  
Unconscious bursts the rapturous cry, " Thou art :"  
One sense pervades the ever-varying thought,  
On reason founded, and with rapture fraught ;  
A firm dependence on a Father's love,  
A faith which neither life nor death can move ;  
A trust that all our sorrow joy may be,  
And all our weakness changed to strength by Thee !

If through the vast infinity of space  
We raise our eyes to Heaven, Thy dwelling-place—  
While to our view a myriad orbs appear,  
By us unseen a myriad more are there ;  
Conviction bursts upon th' astonished mind,  
Each distant world in glory is enshrined ;  
And He, who hung them glittering in the sky,  
Stands everywhere confessed the Deity !

We gaze and think ! Thine added mercies flow.  
Thy hand supplies the every grace we know !  
The sighing breeze falls gently on the ear,  
Its untaught accents whispering " God is near."  
The waving branch of each aspiring tree  
In all its beauty points alone to Thee !  
We cannot gaze untaught. Glad nature's voice  
Bids stream and tree, bids earth and air rejoice,  
Till every scene is eloquent to raise  
The silent tribute of its ceaseless praise !

And ask we whence is Faith ? It springs from thought !  
It is a lesson by all nature taught !

It is one's self considered ! being ! breath !  
It is Creation scanned, in life, in death !  
It is the tree of knowledge freely given !  
It is the Bible read ! the thought of Heaven !

And yet we hear of works !—the works of man,  
As forming part of God's redeeming plan !  
I must forget the hour of Jesu's birth,  
And pass unscanned His sufferings on earth ;  
The words of love—" thy *Faith* hath saved thee,"  
And pardon promised e'en on Calvary ;  
Forget the hope my dying Saviour gave,  
Ere my best works have fancied power to save !  
And more than this ! dear Memory, away ;  
Thy deeply graven tablets lead astray !  
No more my heart the glorious sight may see,  
Which Faith had made appear reality.  
No more an Angel, clad in raiment white,  
May seem to praise the risen Lord of light :—  
Away the thought ! Faith will not be denied,  
While she can see the Mocked, the Crucified :  
Hide from her view the hallowed sepulchre—  
The resurrection was addressed to her !

Let her not see her reascended Lord,  
Let her not hear the promise of His word ;  
The place prepared would feed the fitful flame,  
And Faith ne'er cease to call upon His name.

Could I forget Redemption's glorious scheme,  
And all be transient as a passing dream ;  
Forget that Jesus lived, that Jesus died,  
Forget his pierced soul, His riven side ;  
Forget my Saviour ! Oh ! the lowering cloud,  
Which life as death, which Heaven as earth would shroud ;  
Dared I upon my own poor works depend,  
Instead of resting on one only Friend ;  
Might I no longer gaze upon His cross,  
Count for His love all other things but loss,  
And plead the riches of His precious blood  
My only confidence, my only good ;  
The way, the truth, the life, the hiding place,  
The spring of faith, the merit of His grace,  
If all were vain, all powerless to save,  
And still Eternity beyond the grave,  
Oh ! my undying soul would hopeless be,  
Which, dear Redeemer, rests alone on Thee.

Oh ! ye who speak of works, conceive, compare,  
Weighed in the balance see how light they are !  
Yet quickly, gladly to God's altar bring  
The poorest gift, the meanest offering !  
The chastened thought to holy purpose given,  
The childish prayer which wings its way to Heaven,  
The smallest deed with good intention fraught,  
The faint reflection from His own love caught,  
All shall be welcome ! Through the Heaven shall ring  
Glad shouts of holy Angels round their King,  
For perfect love and saintly joy are there  
O'er every sinner that repenteth here !

If ye would seek from God a heavenly prize,  
" Present yourselves a living sacrifice,  
" Holy, acceptable ! " Each thought, each word,  
Each look of yours, oh ! give them all to God !  
But *trust not to them !* Surely reason saith  
They are but gestures of a saving faith !  
Consider, and the thinking soul must see  
They are but blossoms of a living tree !

Go search the Scriptures ! In each sacred page  
There is a rule for man's dark pilgrimage,  
There is a promise of a light to guide,  
That our poor faith may not be overtried ;  
There is a hope beyond our earthly goal,  
Oh ! it is treasured in my inmost soul,  
Christ died, and man was "reconciled to God,"  
Faith lives, and man is saved by Jesu's blood !

## CHARITY.

“ Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this : to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”

JAMES i. 27.

“ Humanity is the truest piety ; the love of the Creator is best shewn in the love of the creature.”

HORACE SMITH.

WHERE’ER true faith and stedfast hope unite  
To make the pilgrim’s path a path of light,  
Connected with them by as close a tie,  
Is hope’s twin-sister, meek-eyed charity.  
Alas ! how many a vaunted gift we see  
Wrung from the altar of man’s vanity ;  
How many a claim refused, a want denied,  
Because it cannot minister to pride :

Ours be a nobler spring of holier thought,  
Its glorious merits by our Saviour taught.  
“Father, forgive them,” on the cross He cried;  
And bless’d the thief’s repentance ere He died:  
Catch we the spirit of His dying tone,  
And make our love an echo of His own!

And when we hear in humble faith arise  
The first hosanna to the listening skies,  
And know that Angels minister around,  
And the poor hovel is as sacred ground;  
When, by our help, one icy heart is thawed,  
And one glad spirit consecrate to God;  
When, morn and eve, the cottar’s untaught prayer  
Soars up to Heaven, and finds acceptance there;  
And all his children crowd around his knee,  
To hear the tale of our poor charity;  
Oh! many a feeling in that hour has birth,  
Akin to Heaven, though haply born on earth;  
The glad emotions of the new-born soul,  
Urge the poor sinner to the heavenly goal;  
While faith and hope, and gratitude combine  
To make his spirit with their lustre shine.



If there is glory in the healing power,  
Which soothes the sorrows of a lonely hour ;  
If kindness here may calm the throbbing pain,  
And bid the wounded heart be whole again ;  
If human skill can ease the failing breath,  
And soften e'en the agonies of death ;  
If the poor cup of water, freely given,  
Finds thanks on earth, while registered in Heaven ;  
And one glad smile is all the guerdon claimed  
For love's sure hope, which maketh not ashamed :  
Oh ! when that love its highest object seeks,  
And to the sinner of salvation speaks ;  
When faithful man an Angel's task essays,  
And the glad tidings to the world conveys ;  
When, from the rising to the setting sun,  
The glorious truth its martyred way hath won,  
And charity receives its blest reward,  
The ransomed spirit reconciled to God ;  
How shall we thank him for the heavenly grace  
By which alone we ran th' appointed race,  
And trace the blessing to th' imperfect prayer  
When first to Him love taught us to repair !  
Then shall joy's fountain spring within the heart,  
Because pure love has played a noble part ;

Because by sin unawed and unrepressed,  
It found an echo in a sinner's breast ;  
Or with a gentle and a holy strife  
It won the pilgrim to eternal life !

## LINES FOR MUSIC.

“ It is, we think, one of the most beautiful of the arrangements which characterise the Gospel, that the offices of Redeemer and Judge meet in the same person, and that person divine.”

“ We are certain that they will be assured and comforted, as they gaze upon their Judge, and recognize their surety. Words such as these will occur to them—“ God hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained.” “ By that man.” The man who “ hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.” The man who uttered the pathetic words, “ O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together.” The man who was “ delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.” ”

MELVILL'S UNIVERSITY SERMONS.

## LINES FOR MUSIC.

*Air*—From Greenland's icy mountains.

IN sins beset with sorrow,  
In pleasures bought by crime,  
My spirit sought to borrow  
Enjoyment for a time !  
But thanks to Christ be given,  
The Mocked, the Crucified,  
Who left his throne in Heaven,  
And for our ransom died !

*Air*—Far, far o'er hill and dale.

Far, far from scenes of guilt,  
On Thee relying,  
Lord, may Thy life-blood spilt,  
Save me when dying !  
Oh, feed me day by day,  
Wash all my guilt away,  
And hear me when I pray,  
Though only sighing :

*Air*—Jesu, Saviour of my soul.

“ Jesu, Saviour, be Thou nigh  
To receive my parting breath !  
Turn my thoughts to Calvary  
At the near approach of death !  
Save me, my Redeemer, save,  
When the parting hour shall come ;  
Passed the death, nor feared the grave,  
Guide, oh guide my spirit home !”

*Air*—Lo ! He comes with clouds descending !

Hark, a million voices blending  
Burst upon my raptured ear ;  
Angels, seraphs, saints attending  
Christ, the Lord of mercy, here ;  
Joy, He cometh ! Hear, He calleth !  
Lo ! He beckoneth ! “ Lord, I come ! ”

## ASSOCIATION.

" Oh ! many a shaft at random sent  
" Finds mark the archer little meant,  
" And many a word at random spoken  
" May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

WALTER SCOTT. ●

How shall I account  
For the thoughts that come o'er me ?  
What think of the visions  
Now passing before me ?  
How much they resemble  
The thoughts of my youth !  
Superstition would tremble  
To think of their truth !

It seems as a mirror  
Were placed in my breast,  
Reflecting alternately  
Sorrow and rest :  
The picture before me  
May tell of to day ;  
But memories come o'er me,  
Which will not away !  
Of scenes long forgotten,  
And pleasures that were ;  
And joys, if remembered,  
I cannot tell where !  
And heavenlier feelings  
Of holier things,  
And gentler concealings  
Of love's whisperings !  
And the highest of hopes,  
And the deepest of fears ;  
Or silenced in secret,  
Or treasured for years !  
I know not, I care not,  
Whence the grave and the gay ;  
I may not, I dare not  
Command them away !



A glance for the eye,  
Or a sound in the ear ;  
A scent in the garden,  
To memory dear ;  
Be it here, be it there,  
At home or abroad,  
By the gayest parterre,  
Or on the green sward ;  
In sunshine or twilight,  
In pleasure or pain ;  
The emotion it raises,  
Is ne'er raised in vain !  
Since the joys 'tis revealing  
Are from memory caught ;  
And the deeper the feeling,  
The purer the thought !

I have marked when the harp  
Had been silent for years,  
And the cheek of the harper  
Was wasted with tears ;  
When sorrow had bidden  
Gay laughter away,

And affection had chidden  
The smile that would stay ;  
When vainly refusing  
The kind ones around,  
He turned to the strings  
Whence comfort is found :  
And when he had taken  
The harp on his arm,  
And again would awaken  
Dear Music's sad charm ;  
Though the strain might be powerless  
To bid us rejoice,  
Though the strings might be tuneless,  
And broken the voice ;  
Yet the chord which his finger  
First lightly passed o'er,  
Where again he would linger,  
Desiring no more,  
Hath discarded the present,  
Recalling the past,  
And awakened a feeling  
Too joyous to last.  
He knew not—he felt not,  
New friends were around ;

Yet his ecstasy dwelt not  
In music's mere sound !  
Oh ! no, but his spirit  
Held backward its flight,  
On the wings of remembrance  
To a world of delight !  
His vision was real,  
Neither spectre, nor ghost,  
For why call them ideal  
The loved and the lost ?

I have seen when in silence  
With stern hardihood,  
All comfort refusing  
A criminal stood :  
When stoutly disowning  
All knowledge of guilt,  
And vainly atoning  
The blood that he spilt :  
Life was on the balance,  
And numbered each breath ;  
Guilt was on his spirit,  
And present the death ;

Yet thought had no power  
His sins to confess,  
Nor hope at that hour,  
To soothe his distress :  
But oh ! when a light  
Had passed over his soul,  
He was able no longer,  
His thoughts to control :  
And, allured by the glance,  
He allowed them to range  
Through many a chance  
And through many a change ;  
And the fair hours of childhood,  
The innocent joy,  
The bright days of promise  
The home of the boy ;  
The soft voice that bade him  
Not injure a fly ;  
The Creator that made him,  
*To live, or to die ;*  
The kind words forgotten  
Through many a year,  
The foreboding ones spoken,  
With many a tear ;

The sighs of affection,  
    So speaking and true,  
And their cruel rejection,  
    Now passed in review ;  
The loud tones of warning,  
    So vainly addressed ;  
The still voice of conscience,  
    Too lightly repressed ;  
The gay smiles of others,  
    To win him to love,  
And the aim of his brothers,  
    His faults to remove ;  
Oh ! clearer than ever  
    Reality shone,  
Came the shadows and echoes  
    Of years that were gone ;  
And brighter than ever  
    Reality gleamed,  
As the moon on the river,  
    Those memories streamed :  
Subdued was his spirit,  
    By memory bound ;  
And *then* did repentance  
    Shed dew-drops around.

Fair scenes, whose sweet pleasures  
    Enlivened my youth,  
Again do your treasures,  
    With infinite truth,  
Gleam back in the sunshine  
    And sigh in the air ;  
Or echoing triumph,  
    Or whispering prayer :  
And oh ! when those voices  
    Are borne on the breeze,  
The true heart rejoices  
    That the lost are at ease !  
Bright hour, when the glory  
    Of days that are past,  
And hope, with its promise  
    Too brilliant to last,  
Though shadowed by sorrow,  
    And mellowed by years,  
Some beauty may borrow  
    From memory's tears !  
O ! lovelier and dearer  
    Than joys that are real ;  
Oh ! softer and clearer  
    Than fancies ideal ;

As fair as the dew-drop,  
As sweet as the rose,  
The stream from the fountain  
Of memory flows ;  
Though dear to the feeling  
Of hope and of love,  
Is that harmony stealing  
As if from above ;  
And welcome as stars  
To the traveller at night,  
Distil o'er my spirit  
Those drops of delight ;  
Yet brighter than even  
The days that are gone,  
Is the sunshine of Heaven,  
Desired and won.

## TWILIGHT.

“ Welcome, soft darkling light, that bringest  
“ Thoughts of most interesting things,  
“ Far brighter than my own imaginings !”

UNPUBLISHED POEMS.

OH ! welcome to my soul, thou darkling light,  
Welcome, thou sweet imaginative hour !  
At thine approach the thoughts which throng the soul  
Seem silenced for the moment ! Far away  
The mind will rove, far back to infancy !  
Oh ! how I bless thee for thy memoried power  
As each remembrance bursts upon my soul !  
Each little hour of childhood's pure delight ;  
The wilder hopes which ravished boyhood's heart ;



The every joy the earlier life of man  
Charmed into waking :—all before me rise,  
As, in the mirror of some rippling stream,  
The smallest flower that decks the spangled banks,  
And the proud branches of the stately tree  
Are pictured side by side ! Anon, a breath  
Of the pure breeze from Heaven moves the scene,  
And deepening shadows fall upon the waters :  
So do the dreamy thoughts of bygone years  
Yield to the stern realities of life ;  
So fitful shadows cloud man's earthly lot,  
But to display the brilliancy of light,  
Enhanced by contrast ! Through the midnight hour,  
Which in the vale of shadowy death is passed,  
Oh ! may our longing eyes through Jesu's grace  
Turn through unseen infinity to God ;  
No more beclouded by the film of sin,  
No more attracted by the world's gay show :  
Thus ere the day of life has passed away,  
May the calm thoughtful hour of eventide  
Breathe sweet remembrance o'er the shadowy past !  
Thus, ere the Autumn's leaves on life's fair tree,  
No more a living green, but sere and yellow,  
Or brightening with consumption's hectic flush,

Drop one by one till all have passed away ;  
Ere the faint breeze shall sway the naked branch,  
And strew the scene with faded hopes of earth,  
Oh ! for a moment's pause that that soft breeze,  
Its kindlier message in the kindred tone  
Of Heaven's own harmony at twilight given,  
May sweep th' Æolian chords of memory  
And breathe home music to the parting soul !

## LOVE'S CHOICE.

" By thy light, thou unseen future,  
" And thy tears, thou bitter past,  
" I will hope, though all forsake me,  
" In His mercy to the last."

HON. MRS. NORTON.

" If there were any thing like a diligent remembrance of our mercies, a counting up of the instances in which God has been better to us than our fears ; in which he has interposed when we were perplexed, sustained us when we were falling, comforted us when we were sorrowful, it would be hard to say how there could be place for anxiety, whatever the clouds which might be gathering round our path.—Let mercies be remembered as well as enjoyed, and they must be as lights in our dark days, and as shields in our perilous."

MELVILL'S SERMONS.

### LOVE'S CHOICE.

**THERE** are those who think that I  
Might lessen my anxiety ;  
Recommending calm control,  
As an opiate to my soul !  
There are those whose deeper feeling  
Owns a love beyond concealing ;  
And wonders what its aim may be,  
If it be not ecstasy !

Let me then my love control,  
And put the question to my soul,  
Must it, as a noble river,  
Still flow on, and flow for ever ;  
Clearer, purer, brighter growing,  
Borrowing hope, and joy bestowing ?

Or is there not a deeper pleasure  
In the still lake's peaceful leisure ?  
Once I asked myself: Again  
Is the question put in vain !  
Not that I can never see  
The blessings of serenity :  
Not that I would never know  
A period put to all my woe :  
Not that I could wish despair  
Never found a refuge there :  
Not that the giddy waves of life,  
The flood of tears, the winds of strife,  
The frantic surge's angry tone,  
Or the rough billow's dismal moan  
Have nought of fearfulness to prove  
The anguish and the joy of love !

Rather let my reason rest  
On their influence confessed !  
Rather let it seem that I  
Am trembling with anxiety ;  
And, as Ocean's mists arise  
Fearful watch the darkening skies :

Rather let the thunder's roar  
Vex my failing spirit sore,  
And the lightning's awful gleam  
Flash upon my torturing dream :  
Doth not the bark assert its power  
If it survive so dread an hour ?  
And surely through such years of trial  
The love that lives brooks no denial !

There are smoother waters too,  
Which present a brighter view ;  
There are bluer skies above,  
Smiling on the course of love ;  
There are milder zephyrs blowing  
Over rivers blithely flowing ;  
There are meadows fair and gay,  
Through which my chosen course may stray,  
For my deliberate choice is taken,  
For the stream the lake forsaken :  
Peace and rest are far before me,  
Hope's pure spirit watching o'er me :  
Can it be that I shall e'er  
Languish for the stillness there ;

And regret the peaceful rest  
In the still lake's changeless breast ?  
No—far too well I know my choice,  
To weep in part, in part rejoice :  
Many a grief must intervene  
Before I reach the peaceful scene,  
And many a sad delay annoy  
Before I clasp the promised joy.

Meanwhile to the boundless sea  
I am rolling rapidly :  
Or in broader channel flowing,  
'Neath the sunbeam gently glowing :  
Or in narrower defile  
Struggling breathlessly awhile :  
Never for an hour delaying,  
Never for a moment playing ;  
But ever and anon with eye  
Gazing on a brooklet nigh,  
And ever and anon with ear  
Which only loves the music there :  
Through earth's fairest flowers meandering  
Past her richest landscape wandering :

Stealing through luxuriant glades  
Till summer into autumn fades :  
Bubbling when a change again  
Swells my heaving breast with rain :  
Wilder now, yet deeper streaming,  
Love-controlled, though angry seeming,  
As in Heaven's dark canopy  
I watch the fretwork of the sky :  
And mark th' opposing clouds unite,  
And clash with noise, and stream with light.

Still through every changing scene,  
Should joy or sorrow intervene,  
Or in sunlight's living power,  
Or at midnight's darker hour,  
Not the grandeur breathing round  
All my fond desires can bound ;  
Not bright Heaven's effulgence caught  
Can efface my dearest thought ;  
Not the noble anthem springing,  
When the woods God's praise are singing ;  
Not all nature's prayer ascending,  
And with Angels' voices blending ;



Not the one glad harmony  
Raised by flower, and shrub, and tree ;  
Not the incense fondly poured  
By all creation to her Lord :  
Gladly though its vapours rise  
Welcomed to th' expectant skies ;  
Proudly though the breezes bear  
All the offered tribute there ;  
Sweetly though creation's lyre  
Mingle with the heavenly choir ;  
And joyfully above is heard  
The grateful note of every bird :  
Not all I name, not all I feel  
Around my thankful spirit steal,  
Though each excite my love to God  
And free my gratitude be poured,  
Can bid my constant thought to fade,  
Or even throw it into shade :  
Can ever win th' admiring eye  
From one bright source of ecstasy :  
Or ever charm the listening ear  
Like the voice of my fellow traveller.

I see her for a moment hiding,  
Nearer now, now farther gliding :  
I watch her 'mid the happy flowers  
Steal laughingly in sight for hours :  
Now brighter in the sunbeam glowing,  
Now 'neath the gentle moonlight flowing :  
Now faintly in the twilight seen,  
Or fitfully dark groves between,  
As evening's shadows veil awhile  
The peaceful witchery of her smile.

Then if the stars should gem the night  
Enlivened by their dreamy light ;  
And for their short but glorious reign  
Should bring that sweet scene back again :  
In all the stillness breathed around,  
Where peace abides and hope is found,  
And silence holds mysterious power  
O'er this our lone and happy hour,  
The placid moonbeams lightly quiver  
Reflected in each eddying river :  
And every star that gently gleams  
Is mirrored in our confluent streams :

For oh ! no more I gaze in vain  
Across the irresponsible plain :  
No more between us mountains rise  
To dim my disappointed eyes :  
But when the fairer morn shall break,  
And love the sleeping echoes wake,  
When skylarks pour their gladdening notes,  
Whose music on the spring gale floats,  
And, glowing in the sunny field,  
Fresh flowers their early fragrance yield ;  
Oh ! welcome by the genial ray  
Which charms the darkness into day,  
The tide of bliss, so long denied,  
While we have wandered side by side,  
Shall flow triumphant, after years  
Of smiling hope and anxious tears ;  
At length our separate course be done,  
The trial past the goal be won :  
Together shall our mingled tide  
By heavenly influence purified,  
(While far above all thoughts of earth  
Hope telleth of a nobler birth)  
Roll ceaseless to the high cascade,  
Not all unawed, nor all afraid :

But trusting to the viewless hand,  
Which all our earlier course hath planned,  
Still, in the mists which dimly rise,  
We'll yield our tribute to the skies ;  
Still from each other seek relief  
For every fear, for every grief.

Dear brooklet, let us cease awhile  
To watch this life's uncertain smile :  
And strive with earnest gaze to see  
The emerald rainbow's brilliancy,  
The jasper and the sardine stone,  
The seven bright lamps before the throne,  
And the golden-crowned, to whom 'tis given  
To glory in the bliss of Heaven :  
For as we near with ceaseless roll,  
The second birthplace of the soul ;  
Too late we know the landscape true,  
Its deeper shade, its fairer hue ;  
Too close at such a moment lies  
The prospect to our dizzy eyes :  
But oh ! while we may dimly gaze  
And ponder on the end of days,

While thought may reach and hope may climb  
Beyond the mystery of time ;  
Till faith shall in the distance see  
The wonders of eternity :  
Our eager eyes may well be fond  
To watch the brighter world beyond,  
Our strengthened hearts no more afraid  
To near the perilous cascade !  
And onward as I sometimes glance  
O'er the far ocean's broad expanse,  
And watch the kindred rills, whose tone  
Is just an echo of our own ;  
And see them one by one draw nigh  
The threshold of immensity :  
When those whose friendship was so fair,  
Divided for a moment are ;  
While one alone essays the leap,  
Another turns aside to weep ;  
And, eddying on the awful brink,  
Deplores affection's dearest link ;  
Then silent seeks a gradual death  
The mighty cataract beneath ;  
Or braves at once the unseen flood,  
To join a countless brotherhood !

At times the anxious thought will rise  
Of our unfolded destinies ;  
Of the sad parting that must come,  
Before we reach our promised home ;  
Of thy fond heart of me bereft,  
Of cureless grief if I am left ;  
Of woe too bitter to conceal,  
And pangs which only love can feel.

Oh ! cheer me, dearest brooklet, cheer  
The 'boding grief that lingers here ;  
Oh ! tell me with thy gentle voice,  
Death will but make our souls rejoice ;  
For surely as " to die is gain,"  
We part that we may meet again !

Forgive me, if the thought of woe  
Hath bid thy rising tears to flow ;  
Forgive me if my weaker faith  
Grew pallid at the thought of death ;  
And for a moment felt afraid  
To look beyond the high cascade !

Again the mists in silence rise,  
And dance before my wavering eyes ;  
Again the cloudy vapours brood  
Above the everlasting flood ;  
And all beyond seems dark and drear,  
Uncheered by hope, and rife with fear.

I look before me, and around,  
In mystery all is wrapt and bound :  
I look behind me, and the way  
Is chequered as with night and day :  
I look beside and only thou  
Art present to support me now :  
And then with thee I look above,  
And all is light, for all is love !

Faith, dearest, faith reposed on Heaven,  
Our only remedy is given ;  
Faith, which can bid the bosom glow  
Despite the icy chill of woe ;  
And feel that deep and dark abyss  
Is but the avenue to bliss :

Then hope, yet brighter hope shall dawn  
On the poor wanderer left forlorn,  
Who feels the day of promise near,  
A pilgrim for a season here,  
And knows, though brooding clouds may lower,  
In all his agony with power  
To sanctify the parting hour,  
The sweet assurances combine,  
That thou art God's—and thou art mine!



## THE DECEIVED.

“ As you shed such pious tears, you will find your lightened heart lifted up to Heaven, even as a cloud that has outwept its burthen, soars upward, and is rapt into the sky.”

HORACE SMITH.

By that hour whose speedy flight  
Turned my morning into night ;  
By that moment when thy smile  
Won me from myself awhile ;  
By my faulty tongue which told,  
Lying, I was aught but cold ;  
By thy faultier one whose “yes”  
Knelled away my happiness ;

By the Church's changeless band,  
Broken as a rope of sand ;  
By the holy marriage ring,  
*Now* but a dishonoured thing ;  
By thine eager eye which rolled  
Raptured o'er my mine of gold ;  
While my trust could not divine  
Thine object was that gold of mine ;  
By the tears thy sisters shed  
O'er our hearts ere rapture fled ;  
By th' united prayer we poured  
Upward to the throne of God ;  
I the husband, thou the wife,  
That our love might last for life ;  
And by many a secret vow,  
Honoured then, but broken now ;  
And by many a silent kiss,  
And by many a pictured bliss,  
And by all the hopes, which shone  
Brightly then, but now are gone ;  
Give me, what is left to give,  
In peace, though in despair, to live.

Vanished is my trust in truth,  
Gone the confidence of youth :  
Bright they were, the lost that are,  
And chaste too as the evening star,  
Yet more quickly fleeting by  
Than the meteor o'er the sky.

There are hours when wandering thought  
Seems to be with rapture fraught ;  
There are moments, whose bright gleam  
Bursts upon me as a dream ;  
Bringing to my happier mind  
Feelings, memories, dear and kind ;  
Presenting, but with tempered rays,  
An image of our earlier days :  
How I love that feeble light  
Given to relieve my night ;  
How I bless the thought which flows  
To soothe the anguish of my woes !  
All too soon the dream is o'er,  
The thought recalling peace no more :  
All too soon that failing light  
Flickers, dies, and all is night !

Yet ere long the fevered eye  
Conjures up more imagery ;  
And there flit before my soul,  
Here and there without control,  
Memories fond of dearest hours,  
Hopes expressed by meaning flowers ;  
The radiant smile, th' impassioned gaze,  
The poetry of other days !  
Scenes where my too hasty feet  
Bent their steps my love to meet ;  
Gardens where alone we roved,  
Arbours, where we thought we loved !

*Yes, we thought !* I know you thought,  
(Error with what anguish fraught)  
Vain the silent warm caress,  
Vain the dream of happiness :  
Vain the pressure of the hand  
At our future prospects planned :  
False the every hope we breathed,  
With unreal rapture wreathed :  
False the golden sunlight streaming  
O'er scenes of which our hearts were dreaming :

And treacherous the starry light,  
Which paled before the coming night !

When at sunset's gentle hour  
Memory holds mysterious power ;  
When the deepening shadows tell  
Of those groves we loved so well ;  
When the falling dew-drops wake  
Fond precautions for thy sake ;  
When the zephyr's gentle breath  
Meets me on the oft trod heath ;  
And joys which cannot be forgot,  
Which once were mine, but now are not,  
Rise ghost-like in each memoried spot :  
Oh ! by all the love which erst  
From these lips too truthful burst ;  
Oh ! by every deathless thought,  
With misery as with rapture fraught ;  
Oh ! by all the pent up stream,  
Which pressed upon my loveless dream ;  
And gushes now without control  
Through every well spring of my soul :

By thy dear and anxious joy  
Breathing welcome to our boy ;  
By thy never failing sense  
Of that dear child's innocence ;  
By the deep and bitter gloom  
Which fell upon our early home ;  
By thy sad and altered tone  
Whispering sighs to me alone ;  
By the empty cradle telling  
The grief that from thy soul was welling ;  
By smiles and tears, by joy and woe,  
By hopes above, by fears below ;  
Bitter though the meeting be,  
And fraught with maddening agony ;  
Slowly though repentance gleam,  
With a faint and fitful beam ;  
Come, and hear my blessing given,  
Come, and make *our* peace with Heaven

## INFANCY.

THE morning dew and rising sun  
Are not so sweet to me  
As the few tears and many smiles  
Of joyous infancy.

Oh ! nurtured in this too cold clime  
Full many a blossom dies,  
Whose leaves are far too fair for earth,  
Whose essence seeks the skies.

The breeze from Heaven cools the brow  
Beneath the well known tree :  
More welcome still ascendeth there  
The prayer of infancy.

Oh ! many a grief and many a fear  
 That sight hath power to charm :  
 A praying child at parent's knee  
 May even sin disarm.

Fair is the mantle of the night  
 Spread o'er the moonlit sea ;  
 Yet fairer is that blessed sight  
 The sleep of infancy.

More heavenly still that deeper rest,  
 So near akin to sleep,  
 Whose face the smile of triumph wears,  
 Which bid us cease to weep !



## THOU ART NOT ANOTHER'S.

“The deeper the shadow, the brighter the light.”

THOU art not another's ! The dayspring is dawning,  
The twilight is over, the darkness is gone :  
Though heavy the night, there is joy in the morning,  
For the brightness of hope on my spirit hath shone !

Thou art not another's ! The prayer may be altered  
Which I offered for strength to resign thee to God ;  
And changed be the words, and the accents which faltered,  
When I yielded the treasure which now is restored !

Thou art not another's ! Thy name need no longer  
 Be severed from mine in the agonized prayer ;  
 The love, which I strove to repress, may grow stronger,  
 As a blessing from Heaven, and registered there !

Thou art not another's ! All praise to the Father  
 Who taught my proud spirit to bow to His will ;  
 And the thorns I am no more appointed to gather  
 May chasten my spirit, and humble me still !

## HOPE ON, HOPE EVER!

“ Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

Ps. xxx. 5.

OH! do not fear to-morrow,  
Perhaps some calm relief  
May dawn upon thy sorrow,  
May chase away thy grief:  
I would not that thy spirit  
Had forebodings dark as mine;  
Why might I not inherit  
The peacefulness of thine?

I gaze beyond the dawning  
    With sad and strainēd eyes,  
And foresee a tearful morning  
    Break through the clouded skies :  
I hear the north wind sighing  
    Through many a forest tree ;  
Its murmurs speak of dying,  
    Oh ! should it speak of thee !

I see the willow weeping  
    Above the rippling stream,  
As though each branch were keeping  
    Watch o'er the mild moonbeam !  
I gaze—but not in gladness,  
    Upon that well-known spot ;  
It speaketh but in sadness ;  
    Of hope it speaketh not.

I see the ivy clinging  
    Around the old oak tree,  
As I, fresh flowerets bringing,  
    In childhood clung to thee :

Oh ! can its arms entwining  
Support the mighty stem,  
Which, when first 'gainst it reclining,  
Was a sure defence to them ?

I watch each star departing  
From the heaven's glorious breast ;  
And each ray of morning starting  
From out its fancied rest :  
Though the former *may* be given  
As a warning from on high,  
May not th' enlightened heaven  
Speak thy recovery ?

Oh ! do not fear to-morrow,  
Perhaps some calm relief  
May dawn upon thy sorrow,  
May chase away thy grief :  
Peace be around each feeling,  
Thy spirit to console,  
While hope is almost stealing  
Within my burthened soul.

## THE SHADOWS AND THE SISTERS.

PEACEFUL sleep ye,  
Gentle shadows,  
Waving with  
The changeful breeze :  
Ever keep ye  
Calmly deepening  
As the sun light  
Gilds the trees !  
Why is one as dark as night,  
And the other streaked with light ?

Trees there are  
More thickly clad,  
As the cedar  
And the yew ;  
Others bare  
Of summer leaves  
Brighter light  
Shines clearer through ;  
And the plaided shadows well  
The tracery of their branches tell !

So through many  
A peaceful night  
Two fair girls  
In slumber lay ;  
And if any  
A guess may be,  
Who so still  
And calm as they ?  
Yet from memory's sleepless powers  
How unlike their resting hours !

One reclines,  
Her senses steeped  
In innocent  
Forgetfulness ;  
Daylight shines,  
And she awakes  
With the morning's  
Soft caress ;  
Peaceful through the livelong night,  
Happier in the warmer light !

Calm awhile  
The other seems,  
As sweet slumber  
Seals her eyes ;  
Then a smile  
The stillness breaks,  
Or dewy teardrops  
Gently rise ;  
As memory dreams of bygone years,  
Ere hope can wipe away her tears !



Peaceful sleep ye,  
Gentle sisters,  
Varying with  
The varying thought ;  
Whether weep ye  
Others' sorrows  
With a love  
From Heaven caught ;  
Or with hopes as bright as day  
Melt those happy hours away !

## THERE THEY LIE BURIED.

“This is a world of change : there is another,  
“ And that unchangeable !”

THE CONTRAST.

*There they lie buried !*

What are they and where ?

*Hopes bright, bright hopes,*

Born only that they might decay ;

They bloomed awhile, and now have passed away !

Fair flowers of Eden,

Which might have breathed awhile

Sweet fragrance, gemmed with dew ;

Oh ! could I see them smile,

And watch each glittering hue,

And scent the odours as they gently rise,

While zephyrs bear their perfume to the skies !

But they are gone, and the bereav'd stem

Recalls a saddening memory of them !

*There they lie buried !*

What are they and where ?

*Griefs—sad, sad griefs,*

Sometimes upon the weary spirit pressing ;

Sore trials sent, but not without a blessing :

Sharp thorns of roses

Which may not charm for ever,

Sweet though their nature be,

But call on us to sever

From their infirmity :

Yet when the flower is gone, the thorns remain,

The transient pleasure giving place to pain ;

Until they glide away as winter's rime

Melting insensibly beneath the touch of time !

*There they lie buried !*

What are they and where ?

*Fears—weak, weak fears,*

The failing of the spirit's faith,

Threatening our life, but now a prey to death !

Bright tears of childhood,

Which glistened as they fell,

Like dewdrops on the earth,  
And vanished as a spell  
At the moment of their birth :  
For sunshine charmed the sparkling drops away,  
As hope the doubts which faith forbids to stay ;  
And life's bright morning is undimmed by fears,  
As soon repressed as childhood's transient tears !

*There they lie buried !*  
What are they and where ?  
*Friends—dear, dear friends,*  
The loved companions of a day,  
Too little valued ere they passed away !  
Faint dreams of Heaven,  
Which gave a foretaste here  
Of purer bliss above ;  
Then sought a holier sphere  
Of more ecstatic love :  
And, if anxiety found access there,  
We were the objects of their earnest prayer ;  
But hope and peace and joy alone supply  
The calm desires of friends beyond the sky !

*There they lie buried !*

What are they and where ?

*Hopes—griefs—fears—friends—*

At once the sunshine and the shade,

Man's joys and sorrows side by side arrayed !

Fleet clouds of evening !

Oh ! be they false or true,

Beneath the setting sun

They change their varying hue

As the chameleon :

Then melt as rainbow colours fade away,

Or falling dew-drops weep the death of day ;

And all alike an early funeral have,

A breath their life—forgetfulness their grave !

## A HOME SCENE.

WHILE the faint rays of twilight fall gently around  
The spell of the evening her spirit hath bound ;  
The birds' half hushed voices her silence revere,  
And the breath of the zephyr falls dull on her ear.

She it was who so lately with lutestring and voice  
Bade our hearts leap within us, our spirits rejoice ;  
When she sang in the morning one soul-melting strain,  
Though we asked her for others, again and again !

The song was so cheerful, the voice was so sweet,  
In Heaven such voices and melody meet ;  
The dear girl's affection so fitly pourtrayed  
That I would not repress her, I could not upbraid.

The moon now is shedding her pale silver light,  
And the stars are all set in the chaplet of night :  
Oh ! why does she linger ? the twilight is gone,  
The dewdrops are falling ; and Mary alone !

Then opened the lattice ; the wanderer returned :  
As though with confusion her countenance burned !  
Why ! Mary, my dearest ; love, what can it be ?  
Oh ! he loves me, my mother, and loves *only* me !

The still hour of midnight has long passed away,  
The heaven born streaks of the morning are grey ;  
Still the happiest of mothers and daughters are there,  
And yet fuller of joy are uniting in prayer.

## SLEEP.

"Sleep on secure ; above control ;  
"Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee ;  
"And may the secrets of thy soul  
"Remain within its sanctuary !"

ROGERS.

THERE is a sleep so like the gentle flow  
Of a calm river, that its moments seem  
Throughout the dreamy night  
To emulate the light,  
Which in the stream,  
With twinkling beam,  
Each brilliant star of heaven delights to throw.  
As slow within its bounds the river  
Flows as it would flow for ever,  
And hastens with its ceaseless tide  
Through joyous scenes, fair meads beside,  
Which Nature's hand hath beautified ;  
So does this sleep recall to mind  
All that the wanderer leaves behind ;



All whom we have known to die,  
Some who disregarded lie,  
On its bosom floating by,  
Crowd upon our memory.

There is another sleep, a calmer, deeper,  
From which awakes no earthly sleeper ;  
Twin sister to the other,  
Yet how unlike her brother !  
As still she seems,  
As do the beams  
Of the mild moon upon the lake reflected ;  
Yet these, perhaps when least expected  
To vanish with their gentle light,  
Pass beyond our narrow sight ;  
And she, as they, in peace,  
By God's allwise decree,  
May never never cease  
Her pathway to pursue,  
Till, silent as the falling dew,  
She falls beyond our baffled view  
Into eternity !

## THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

**HAPPY mother ! happy child !**

**Each around the other clinging,**

**She with pensive face and mild,**

**He his blithest carol singing :**

**See, his little song beguiles**

**Another of his mother's smiles,**

**While her fond and soft caress**

**Forms his dearest happiness !**

**Happy mother ! happy child !**

What though soon that gentle boy  
Should learn to sigh, should meet with sorrow !  
He who is her greatest joy  
Then from her sweet peace shall borrow !  
Or think we of the coming hour  
When boyhood yields to manhood's power ;  
Then shall he make her soul rejoice,  
Truth breathes in our prophetic voice ;  
Happy mother ! happy child !

## THE FORSAKEN.

THEY tell me I am silent,  
    Silent, silent :  
They tell me I am silent,  
    And say they know not why ?  
I answer " I have sorrow,  
    " Sorrow, sorrow ;"  
I answer " I have sorrow,  
    " That only breathes to sigh !"  
They remember me so cheerful,  
    Cheerful, cheerful ;  
They remember me so cheerful,  
    How strange it is, and sad !

Ah ! they speak to one forsaken,  
Forsaken, forsaken ;  
And therefore have I taken  
Leave of every thing that's glad !

They remind me of the joy,  
The joy, the joy :  
They remind me of the joy  
That I felt amongst the poor !  
They have touched a tender chord,  
A chord, a chord :  
They have touched a tender chord,  
Which alone my heart can cure !  
The grief I used to soothe,  
To soothe, to soothe,  
And the cares I joyed to smooth,  
Are mine now, are mine !  
The balm has not departed,  
Departed, departed ;  
But may ease the broken-hearted,  
For its virtue is divine !

## MUSIC.

WHY has the spirit of harmonious sounds  
Such varying influence o'er the listening soul?  
Why does our joy and sorrow burst all bounds  
Beneath the magic of its soft control?  
Now no Tyrtæus sings in lofty tone,  
In martial guise arrayed, his reasoning strain;  
Nor Orpheus with his magic lyre alone  
Recalls the winds, or bids them back again!  
No! these things are not: those it is which are,  
Or have been in our recollection,  
That still the spirit, that excite the soul:

Music hath memories ! I have known despair  
So softened by a moment's calm reflection,  
Perchance recalling some forgotten tie,  
Some spark of hope which flickering might not die,  
That I can well conceive the strong control  
A single chord may have ! A moment past,  
And all the world to thee seemed desolate ;  
A child might mark thy brow was overcast,  
A stranger guess thy solitary fate ;  
But now association, music stirred,  
Hath changed thy very being ; silence, sorrow  
Are thine no longer ; scarce a note was heard,  
And it fell dull on every other ear,  
Yet thence thy sorrowing spirit sought to borrow  
Bright thoughts, sweet rest, fond hopes, and memories dear,  
Sufficient for to-day :—Alas to-morrow !

**T H E S T R E A M,**

**T H E C L O U D S,**

**A N D**

**T H E T H O U G H T S.**

---

**" We pass along the stream of life,  
" As fleet clouds o'er the summer sky ;  
" Our souls with joy and sorrows rife,  
" In training for eternity."**

**MANNA FOR THE MIND.**





## THE STREAM.

"I watch the stream, and see it pebble paved ;

"Were hearts as clear, much sorrow would be saved."

NATURE AND ART, OR THE BLESSING AND THE BANE.

Who has not traced, in highland glen,  
Free from the mimic art of men,  
The natural current of a stream,  
Here gliding, there with mighty force  
Bursting its tumultuous course ;  
And hurrying, as it well may seem,  
Through narrow pass, and rugged all

With tangled thorn, and clinging briar,  
And willows hanging little higher,  
To seek a death in frenzied ire  
    Beneath the waterfall ?

Then has the wanderer joyed to see  
The calmer current, bubbling still,  
With little to control its will,  
While here and there a mountain rill  
    Bounds to its bosom joyously.

And still thy footsteps wandered on !  
Thou would'st, but thou could'st not be gone !  
Oh ! joy, that Nature still hath charms  
To hold thee in her outstretched arms ;  
That thou should'st yield thee to her spell  
In youth, or age, 'tis well, 'tis well !

Now see, where birches frown above,  
And the bright sun looks down in love ;  
Where many a larch o'erhangs the stream,  
And almost hides the bright sun's gleam ;

And silent air and cloudless sky  
Enhance with blissful sympathy  
The stillness of the scenery !

See how the gushing tide is stay'd,  
Its boisterous mirth aside is laid ;  
Its sparkling joy, its eager leap,  
When bounding from the rocky steep ;  
Its angrier rush, whose wilder wrath  
Bespeaks the scion of the North ;  
Each for the time aside is thrown,  
And perfect silence reigns alone !

Something there in yonder pool  
Thought stirring and most beautiful !  
It seems as in the quiet air  
Some Angel Spirit moveth there ;  
And bids us hope and even pray  
That scene may never pass away !  
Yet doth the eye rejoice to view,  
Beyond this sweet and heavenly rest,  
A gentle rill, just struggling through  
The bushes that its pathway strew,

And gathering something of the force,  
Which ever marked its earlier course,  
Since first it trickled from its source,  
Roll to the Ocean's breast !

## THE CLOUDS.

“ Yes, they may be dark, they may be gloomy : but they are changeful too ! Is not Nature like herself ? Is not mind like the morning sunbeam, and heart like the hazy dimness, and the fairer hues of the horizon ? Changeful they all are ; brightly, beautifully changeful : and as the snow on the earth, and the fleecy pillars of the clouds, look yet brighter from the contrast around, so do the fears and the sorrows of man but serve to enhance the rapture of his joys, and the brilliancy of his hopes. Oh ! the pages of nature are full of instruction, and teeming with example ; ever open to be read, and ever rewarding the reader.”—LESSONS OF LIFE.

COME let us wander out at eve  
A pathway in the sky to weave,  
And trace beyond the loftiest air  
The silent glories moving there !  
There is a cloud of noble height,  
Whiter than even snow is white ;  
Which, towering as with minarets,  
Some well-known castle brings to mind  
And fills the soul with fond regrets,  
With Memory's sweetest joys entwined !  
With many a hope and many a fear,  
Which burst upon our feelings there ;  
The fear which soon became despair,  
The hope, which lingered in the breast,  
And yielded most unquiet rest :

Oh ! these are thoughts which well may spring  
From contemplation of the skies,  
Because from silent wondering  
Such recollections take their rise !

Now, pass we on ! On such a theme  
For ever 'twere not well to dream !  
A gloomy darkness seems to shroud  
That mass of alabaster cloud ;  
Yet fitfully there gleams most bright  
A little of that living light ;  
And, as the darkness rolls away,  
There gently steals upon my view,  
Most beautiful, most softly blue,  
A field of such a glorious hue,  
As though its influence had power,  
With smiling face, at sunset's hour,  
To bless the closing day !

Mark too, where in the distant west  
The sinking sunbeams fall to rest ;  
And, as their lessening rays were weak  
The glories of their source to speak,

Throw far and wide, around, above,  
High as th' admiring eye may rove,  
And on the left, and on the right,  
A very miracle of light.

Still, ere the twilight hour has passed,  
The heavens are slightly overcast,  
While perhaps some solitary star  
Is twinkling faintly and afar ;  
Yet ere we can regret the scene,  
Which lately blessed our raptured eye,  
And wish such loveliness had been  
Less sparing of its majesty,  
Across the shrouded vault of Heaven  
A momentary light appears,  
As though there might be seen at even  
The brilliancy of other spheres !  
And as the stars come quickly forth,  
Most strangely and most fitfully,  
As now in sport, and now in wrath ,  
The merry dancers of the north  
Flit o'er the summer sky !



## THE THOUGHTS.

" Glance the face of Nature round,  
" There is no concealment found ;  
" Mark the glow of Heaven above,  
" Truthful through the deep profound ;  
" Were our spirits half as true,  
" Could our thoughts lie open too,  
" Kindness would be Nature's dew,  
" Bringing sympathy and love !"

SINCERITY ITS OWN REWARD.

THE river's course through many a change  
My earlier lay hath told,  
And marked the clouds at sunset range  
With tracery soft and bold !  
But how may bard avail to tell  
The thoughts which oft the bosom swell,  
The burning thoughts of love,  
Ambition's ever-varying voice,  
Its fears, its hopes, to grieve, rejoice,  
While each the passions move ?  
Nay, harder yet the minstrel's task,  
For calmer thought, I ween, will ask  
What I may not deny ;

The nobler sentiment of man,  
Which, nourished here for life's brief span,  
    Were granted from on high :  
And *there* the germ, which might not die  
In its unguarded infancy,  
Shall in a fairer clime take root,  
And yield its everlasting fruit ;  
Shall cover with its grateful shade  
    The happy mansions of the blest,  
Where sin and grief aside are laid,  
    " And the weary are at rest :"  
My wandering muse must on her way,  
She must not linger ; may not stay ;  
Her eye must seek some mirrored mind,  
Wherein her eager glance may find  
The inmost feelings of the soul,  
Which bid us joy, grieve, soothe, condole,  
Weep, tremble, hate, desire, and love,  
As hopes or fears our passions move.

Oh ! hark ! there rings upon my ear  
    A voice which well might banish sorrow :  
It seems as from a holier sphere,

That thought availed, our hopes to cheer,  
Some soothing influence to borrow !  
And oh ! if eye may drink delight,  
And value Nature's charms aright,  
That tearful face, that anxious look,  
Which others' anguish may not brook ;  
That joyful smile, that hopeful glee,  
Indeed 'tis happiness to see.

I would that such an Angel form  
Might with her every charm be mine ;  
That such a heart, so pure, so warm,  
With all my feelings might entwine !  
Dost thou not see in mute amaze  
The spring of her young thoughts so clear,  
That we may well unbidden gaze,  
And dream a Heaven on earth is there ?  
On the fair surface of that heart  
A daughter's fond affections rest,  
A sister's love has ample part  
Within that pure and happy breast ;  
Yet happiness reigns not alone,  
Nor keeps her undisputed throne :

I see the soul is chequered o'er  
    With many a hope and many a fear ;  
I see of innocence a store,  
    I see of sympathy the tear ;  
I see the inmost soul within  
A hatred, deep and strong, of sin ;  
I mark Ambition's quelled desire,  
And Anger's near extinguished fire ;  
Yet, crushed beneath each holier feeling,  
I watch around the spirit stealing,  
Though oft repressed, yet unsubdued,  
Still carrying on its ceaseless feud,  
That inborn sin, whose groveling weed  
Would slay us at our utmost need,  
But that its poison may not rise  
To taint the glorious destinies  
Of those whose spirits seek the skies !

My varying pen has touched upon  
The spring of every thought but one :  
And that it were hard task to tell,  
(Although indeed I know it well,)  
Because it is as changeable  
    As the chameleon !

O'er all the picture I have drawn,  
At silent eve, at early morn,  
Flits gently as a falling star,  
In path and space irregular,  
A light, which leaves a gleam behind,  
(A sort of twilight o'er the mind ;)  
It ever and anon returns,  
And, when it comes, the bosom burns ;  
A whisper, too, the silence breaks,  
And this an answering echo seeks :  
The light must flash ! the bosom glow,  
In silence sink the whisper low !  
Until one loving heart may tell  
How it has felt the whispered spell ;  
How gladly it drank in the light ;  
How by its aid fond hope grew bright ;  
How, when the spirit heavenward soared,  
Warm prayers in her behalf were poured ;  
And every thought of earthly love  
Seemed to be purified above,  
And bade each anxious fear to cease,  
Where all is rest, and joy, and peace !

## THE BOUQUET.

On receiving a bouquet of dewy roses, and an opal pin.

FAIR as the opal is  
With brilliants set,  
Dearer thy joyous kiss,  
When last we met !  
Much as the pearly dew  
Each flower endears,  
Give me thy rosy hue  
Studded with tears !  
Tears, love, of happiness  
And a blush of delight,  
Which can make joy of grief,  
And morning of night !

## MY OWN HOME.

"There is no place like home."

WHY is thy bridal wreath

Gemmed, love, with tears ?

Why weep the memories

Of early years ?

Why falls the pearly dew

On thine orange flowers ?

Why yearns thy spirit now

For bygone hours ?

Hope, love, should while away

Shadows of pain !

*While away ? while away ?*

*Let them remain !*

Why is thy spirit sad,  
Saddening ~~mine~~ own ?  
Why does remembrance bring  
Sorrow alone ?  
Why should thy childhood's home  
Bid thee to grieve,  
Asked for a season  
That loved spot to leave ?  
The hour of returning  
Will be rapture in store !

*It is my home, love !  
My own home no more !*



## HOPE.

SAY, is there hope on earth?

Say, is there hope for me ?

Not of imaginary birth,

But glowing with reality ?

Say, if it be to live ?

Say, if it be to die ?

To wear the laurels earth can give ?

Or fall in deathless victory ?

Oh ! far, oh ! far away,  
Through many and varying years  
My fancy flits 'mid visions gay,  
Or gentler steals her way with tears !

Oh ! mark that beaming star,  
The brightest in the sky-  
It shines, as shine the hopes that are  
In deep unknown futurity.

## THE LONE ONE.

I MIGHT dream of the zephyr that passed,  
    As it frolicked away to the sea ;  
I might dream of the shadow just cast  
    By a bird for a moment on me !  
I might dream of the sunshine of pity,  
    Oh ! how much more fleeting than these !  
Or the midnight attack of banditti,  
    Who are here and away like the breeze !  
And dreaming might pause for an age  
    On the vivid impression of each,  
With a fervour which e'en to the sage  
More of wisdom than folly might preach !

But when 'mid the silence of night,  
In the balmy entrancement of sleep,  
There streams o'er my spirit a light  
Which but renders the darkness more deep !  
With *her* paling remembrance before me,  
And an echo, how faint, of *her* tone,  
No vision less dear can come o'er me,  
I must dream of my Mary alone !  
Must I live for the semblance of pleasure ?  
The reality cease to pursue ?  
And oh ! inconceivable treasure,  
Must I bid thee for ever adieu ?

## THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

A BRIDE, a wife to-morrow !  
As faints my troubled breast,  
They gently chide my sorrow,  
They bid me go to rest !

To rest ! to rest ! to rest !  
There is no rest for one  
Whose only hope is blighted,  
The hope to live alone !

Alone ! alone ! alone !

It were not sad to die ;

But it is torture with another

For aye to weep, for aye to sigh !

To weep ! to weep ! to weep !

E'en weeping is in vain !

It cannot soothe my spirit,

It cannot lull my pain !

To rest ! to rest ! to rest !

There is no rest for me !

For when the hand is bound

How shall the heart be free ?

To love ! to love ! to love !

*Oh ! that I had not loved !*

And dream they from this living soul

*His image is removed ?*

## THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

A bride, a wife to-morrow !  
Won by the love of gold ?  
Too true the heart they vainly think  
Is passionless and cold !

I scorn him, scorn the grandeur,  
The proffer'd wealth and power,  
For guilt would be my portion,  
And another's love my dower ;

And oh ! this heart no other joy,  
No other hope can have,  
Than in some brighter hour to wed  
With Edward or the grave :

And then beyond, beyond to meet  
Where parting is unknown !  
Oh ! heavenly peace and perfect love  
Are in that thought alone !

## THE SAD SEA WAVES.

By those sad sea waves,  
Where those words were spoken,  
The sweetest but the last,  
My heart seems almost broken  
By those sad sea waves !

Still the bright sea waves,  
And the dancing of the spray,  
And the zephyr's softer breath  
Might charm my grief away !  
Yes—as rolls each wave,



Fond thoughts, to memory dear,  
Delight my soul, as though  
Her other half were here !  
Oh ! I love those waves.

I watch the bluer wave  
Far out upon the sea,  
A dearer wave is that,  
For it is nearer thee !  
Still it rolls away,  
Onward, love, to thee ;  
Here a soul must stay ;  
Why may it not be free,  
As is that crested wave ?

There are other waves  
That wash a distant shore,  
Where are foreign graves  
For those who are no more !  
Ah ! those waves may sound  
Thy gloomy requiem !  
If there is hope in these,  
Is there not fear in them ?  
They are the sad sea waves !

Again, I watch these waves !  
I mark their ebb and flow ;  
Calm thought says, " Hope is there,"  
Anxiety says, " No !"   
Full many an hour is given  
To anguish and despair ;  
But soon, as dew from heaven,  
Hope sheds her happier tear,  
By the bright sea waves !

## THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

The joyous memories that combine  
With feelings dearer still to me  
Not only rest my love on thine,  
But centre all my pride in thee !  
'Twas that I wooed thee 'midst the strong,  
And won thee from the brave !  
'Tis that thou hast been faithful long,  
And wilt be to the grave !

The happy moments gliding by  
Shed comfort o'er our lot on earth ;  
While hope through dark futurity,  
Gives glimpses of a heavenly birth !  
'Twas that I wooed thee 'midst the strong,  
And won thee from the brave !  
'Tis that thou wilt be faithful long,  
Here, and beyond the grave !

## THE HAPPY HOUR.

It may be that a fairer scene  
Or lovelier flower  
Than those I gaze upon have been,  
But they alone bring back to ken  
Our happy hour.

For when I see the gay parterre,  
Or lonelier bower,  
Some memoried fragrance breathing there  
Still bids my soul again to share  
Our happy hour !

## THE HAPPY HOUR.

And though thy heart is calm and kind,  
I know its power ;  
And feel that thou wilt be resigned,  
When recollection brings to mind  
Our happy hour !

And when the clouds that float above  
No longer lower,  
And we may meet in purer love,  
Oh ! glorious thought that that shall prove  
A happier, holier hour !

## SONG.

IN REPLY TO L. E. L.

WHY breathe not of love ?  
Why breathe not to thee,  
Since "constant for aye"  
My love motto must be ?  
Away with the things  
That are fairest on earth,  
Since it is "in their change  
" That their beauty hath birth !"  
The varying chameleon,  
The glow-worm at night,  
The pearl of the Ocean,  
The tortoiseshell's light :

Love is unlike them,  
For they are of earth,  
While it hath a nobler  
And heavenlier birth !  
Our vows once exchanged  
At the Altar's pure shrine,  
Love, which lit in an instant  
Shall never decline !  
For though with its roses  
Grows many a thorn,  
Love is no traitor,  
It merits not scorn !

## SONG.

"The purest happiness our hearts can enjoy is that which is wafted to us from the heart we have made happy, even as the flowers which we ourselves have planted, ever seem to breathe around us a sweeter, and more acceptable fragrance."

HORACE SMITH.

"Thou art most fair : but thine is loveliness,

"That dwell's not only on the lip or eye :

"Thy beauty is thy pure heart's holiness

"Thy grace thy lofty spirit's majesty."

F. BUTLER.

WHO is there, with her ivied hair,  
And her face with laughter shining,  
Like the Spirits' love, in the realms above,  
Or the sun in the west declining ?  
Oh ! she is there, whose gleeeful air,  
With beauty and grace entwining,  
Can the doubt reprove, and the fear remove,  
And bid hope to bask in the sunahine of love,  
With peace and joy combining !



Who is it now, with a pensive brow,  
And her tresses no longer gleaming,  
And her downcast eye, too solemnly,  
No more with laughter beaming ?  
Oh ! it is thou, with a willow bough,  
Of another's sadness dreaming,  
Whose purpose high I would fain descry  
In the glorious light of thy pitying eye,  
With tears of compassion streaming !

Again, again, an expression of pain  
Breaks over my heart's fond treasure,  
And the joyous tone away hath flown,  
Which I valued beyond all measure !  
But the thought of pain, may not long remain  
To cloud thy peaceful leisure ;  
For the orphan's moan, and the widow's groan,  
When gently changed to a happier tone,  
Are thy heart's serenest pleasure !

I know, I know, with how sweet a glow  
Thy lightened heart is dancing,

While many a thought, with pity fraught,  
Thy spirit is entrancing !  
For thy deepest woe, while here below,  
Is at others' sorrows glancing,  
And thy chastened thought has long been taught  
That the truest happiness is caught  
By another's joy enhancing !

## LOVE.

### AN ACROSTIC.

LADY, I love thee,  
    Oh ! well thou knowest !  
Vain, far above me  
    Ever thou goest !  
Dost I should dare  
    Of my passion to speak,  
Veil thy dark hair  
    Each lip and each cheek !  
Let me but hear  
    Of thy gladness the voice,  
Very soothing it were  
    E'en to hear thee rejoice !  
Language alone  
    Of my eyes shall be born ;  
Vows *may* be made known  
    Ere a breath can be drawn !

## JOYS.

COME the dreams of the future, the scenes of the past,  
To the thoughts of the present, too brilliant to last;  
Come the ties that are severed, the friends that are gone,  
Be all friendships united, all ties joined in one !

Come the soft recollections of Isabel's voice  
Come the words yet unspoken to soothe and rejoice ;  
Come—No—for thou never hast wandered away,  
Thou dearest of hopes with the brightness of day !

Come the landscapes we gazed on, the terrace we loved,  
And the joys which our feelings in unison moved ;  
Come the spirit of music, now soft and now loud,  
Whose melodies oft on the memory crowd !

Come all that my fondest emotions can move,  
Come all whose dear echoes can whisper of love !  
Come life, if thou livest, a life spent with thee ;  
Come death, if thou diest, 'twould be welcome to me !

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## CHILDHOOD.

### A FRAGMENT.

" She told him of that lovely clime,  
" She told him of her childhood's time :  
" Not much the words, but soft and low,  
" Straight to the heart such accents go :  
" And all was hushed, as sea and sky  
" Shared in the deep tranquillity."

L. E. L.

It was a day not wasted, for I gazed  
Into young minds, a clearer atmosphere  
Than ours, so clouded by the world's deceits :  
And bright brief memories were there, and joys  
Anticipated, and delighted in ;  
And pearly tears from such a holy fount,  
Springing unconsciously ; and radiant hopes  
Too lightly raised, and fairer e'en than these,  
Beautiful thoughts, like innocent spring flowers !

## LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

### THE ACCUSATION.

"Where we love we must also trust."

ANON.

THEY say thy jealous soul can fear  
Of Mary's every tone to hear ;  
What is it but to doubt the truth  
Of innocent, confiding youth ?  
If thou canst think such harm of her,  
Wed rather with thy sepulchre !  
No ! call thy nobler feelings forth,  
Think of her honour and her worth ;  
Away the doubt, frail man, be just ;  
*To love must ever be to trust !*

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## LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

IN REPLY TO THE PRECEDING.

“Doubt her? Impossible.”

OLD PLAY.

TRUE—my anxious eye may scan  
Many a heart of many a man;  
May strive to pierce beneath the gloom,  
Which shrouds his sad and bitter doom;  
May tremble lest his hope revive,  
While varying thoughts, no more repressed,  
May fan the flame within his breast,  
And, when it should be lulled to rest,  
May bid his passion live!

But that *she* should grant a smile  
Looking *earnestly* the while,  
And *gladly* meet th' *impassioned* gaze  
Of *other* friends of other days ;  
Should yield the pressure of the hand,  
At *another's* mute demand ;  
And trifling with *another's* heart,  
Bid *mine own*, now *hers*, to smart !  
But that she should steal a glance  
    At some fixed admiring eye,  
And then, as in a raptured trance,  
    Fondly gaze on vacancy ;  
Dreaming of *another's* love,  
    Thinking of *another's* care ;  
That such thoughts her soul could move,  
    While *my* love is nestling there :  
Oh ! by all the *truth* which man  
    Still inherits from on high,  
The virtues of life's little span,  
    By *honour*, and by *honesty* ;  
If by man's fair soul is caught  
    Something of his Father's love,  
And that soul one passing thought  
    Of justice and compassion move ;



Then I call upon that spark,  
Which draws its purity from Heaven,  
Bright, (though all around be dark),  
As the source from which 'tis given,  
To witness that the poisoned breath  
Is *powerless* to work the ill ;  
And the charge, more keen than death,  
Is *false, because impossible.*

## HOPE.

**HOPE** is the rainbow of the soul,  
The soother of its fears ;  
The heart may oft in sorrow grieve,  
But not be drowned in tears !

## OUR EARLY HOME.

I WANDER as in hours gone by,  
Beside the stream, and through the glade;  
For who so rapt with joy as I  
Where childhood's happy footsteps strayed?  
And when I hear re-echoed there  
Our voices, now so faint and low,  
Oh! breathes there not in blissful air  
Sweet harmony to soothe our woe?

I watch the clerk, who erst had tales  
To charm at eve the lonely hour;  
His earlier strength, now feeble, fails  
Ere he can reach the belfry tower!  
And when he would awaken there  
The sounds that dwell within their cell,  
Oh! wakes he not the thought of prayer  
With the memories of that well-known bell?

## OUR FUTURE HOME.

I WATCH the smoke whose ample wreath  
The gentle zephyr bears to Heaven;  
Or scent the gale whose fragrant breath  
To bring the glow of health is given :  
And, swifter than the eagle's flight,  
The thought will rise beyond the skies,  
Foreshadowing in that world of light  
Our everlasting destinies !

I hear the organ's softer tone  
In bursts of tenderness excel ;  
Or calm solemnity alone  
Is living in its glorious swell :  
And every note that strikes the ear,  
Whose breath may prove the voice of love,  
Seems even in its faintness here  
A prelude to the praise above !

## POETRY.

"Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons,  
"Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur."

HORACE.

"The present, the actual, were they our all,  
"Too heavy our burthen, too hopeless our thrall ;  
"But Heaven, that spreadeth o'er all its blue cope,  
"Hath given us memory, hath given us hope."

L. E. L.

POETRY'S soft breathings,  
What are they ? Fancies ? Thoughts ? Imaginings ?  
Are they not rather recollections,  
Vivid remembrances of bygone days,  
Than faint impressions of futurity ?

To write is nothing ; feeling everything :  
We write *because* we feel :—the words flow on  
Spontaneously ; the rivulet glides on,  
And draws unconsciously a fresh supply ;  
The fountain ceases not its rapturous play ;

The torrent rushes down the high cascade,  
To-day as yesterday, to-morrow as to-day !

So do the stores of memory reveal

The scenes we paint !—Anon, a softer tone,  
Filling our souls, steals gently o'er our words ;  
Awhile they scarcely trickle from their source,  
And almost rather seem to flow than flow ;  
Then, as by chance, a sudden spring is touched,  
And the impetuous flood of passionate words  
Bursts forth tumultuous.—Energy, we hear,  
Breathes in each heartfelt and resistless thought :  
It *may* be energy ! Hast felt the thrill,  
The sure companion of each noble thought ;  
And then the glow, which steals around the soul,  
With rapture rife, with admiration warm ?  
*We* feel them too ; with tenfold force *we* feel them !  
*And why ?* If from our energy it sprung,  
It would degenerate into vanity !  
Oh ! No—we banquet on a richer feast ;  
*You love the energy !—We feel the truth !*

## DREAMS.

" 'Tis sad, 'tis sad to come again  
" With changed heart and brow,  
" To our youth's home, where none remain  
" Of those who made it blessed then,  
" And leave it lonely now !"

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THERE are, who think that dreams are notices  
Of what must happen ! warnings, as it were,  
Which tell us this to shun, and that as Heaven  
To follow after ! These are fatalists ;  
I differ from them, and rejoice to differ !  
Dreams, then, what are they ?

They are memories ;  
They can but bring before our ravished sight  
Far distant scenes, forgotten, it may be,

Or in their different dress unrecognized !  
So burst upon us mirrored images  
Of the departed—Sounds salute our ears,  
Each but the echo of a louder tone,  
Once heard, and now at rest for ever !



## LOVE'S RESTING PLACE.

### SONG.

My spirit hath found out a place of rest,  
And hath buried itself in thine own ;  
Oh ! say, I entreat thee, if there it is blest,  
Or hath found but a lodging of stone ?

Oh ! say, if the rapture, that streameth awhile  
Through a soul so devoted to thee,  
Is heartily warmed or deceived by the smile,  
That beams *kindly* or *fondly* on me ?

Oh ! tell me that *kindness* is *kindness no more*,  
O'er the dim cloud bright sunshine is breaking,  
And a happier feeling my spirit breathed o'er,  
As fondness is charmed into waking !

## THE THREE WISHES.

SONG.

THREE wishes ! I could well discover  
Wherein my rapture lies !  
A bliss how welcome to a lover  
Should each bright wish comprise !

The first, "that I might be with thee ;"  
The second, "ne'er to part ;"  
The third—oh ! no, there *cannot* be  
*Another* in my heart !

## JOYS AND SORROWS.

### SONG.

WEEP, if 'twill lighten sorrow !

Weep, if 'twill calm despair !

But brighten up to-morrow,

My happiness to share !

Yes, there is joy in weeping,

For there is peace in rest,

And comfort in the overflowing

Of an overburthened breast !

Love, though it lives in sorrow,

Love, though it breathes in sighs,

Fond hope may surely borrow

From early memories !

Yes—there is joy in loving,

Enhanced by mutual tears,

And rapture in the overflowing

Of a love unchanged by years !

## THE COURTSHIP.

HENRY, do you know our child  
Seems to be with rapture wild?  
Thoughtful as she used to be,  
I am all anxiety!  
Surely it is hardly right,  
She is always out of sight!  
'Tis not as if she were alone,  
But always with the self-same one!  
What will all the neighbours say?  
We must call the girl away!

Why complain that they are missing ?  
Take my word they're only kissing :  
Why not let them bill and coo,  
As I in early days with you ?  
Why not let them smile to-day  
Ere sorrows chase their smiles away ?  
Ask not now for sober sense,  
Be content with innocence !  
Trust me they will wiser grow,  
Just as we are wiser now !

Henry, love, before you go,  
Yes—perhaps it may be so !  
Won't you say one little word ?  
Mary's heart is quickly stirred !  
Do just give a gentle hint,  
Sure it will not fall on flint !  
She would come at once, I know,  
If she thought you wished it so ;  
But while you are silent, love,  
Nothing can our Mary move !

No—I cannot give a hint,  
What I say is plain as print;  
If the silence must be broken,  
Honest words shall out be spoken!  
I could say, “Now Mary, dearest”  
(But tell me what it is thou fearest?  
Oh! perhaps his mind may change,  
Never while the winds shall range!)  
I could say “My love, forget him,  
“And cease to feel you ever met him.”

Henry, that would never do,  
And yet it's really just like you;  
You can never understand  
All her mother's thought has planned!  
If you said as much as that,  
(How my heart goes pit-a-pat!)  
We might wish and wish in vain,  
Perhaps he'd never come again!  
Don't you see, before he goes  
*He must (can't you guess?) propose!*

What in common sense you mean  
Is not easy to be seen !  
Only will you tell me whether  
You wish them separate or together ?  
And, if he should for marriage press,  
Is the answer " No " or " Yes ? "  
Tell me " Yes," or I'll be bound  
I will warn him off the ground :  
Mary's heart might soon be rifled,  
Her love awakened never stifled !

Well I'm sure, how can you talk ?  
Better go and take your walk !  
Leave the matter all to me  
I'll arrange it properly !  
Really how you do go on,  
Henry, oh ! you simpleton !  
Leave it all to me, I say,  
Henry, won't you go away ?  
Why of heartlessness accuse him ?  
Mary never would refuse him !

There! how can you press me so,  
First to stay, and then to go?  
I have Mary's peace at heart  
And must really take her part:  
Here they come! A word will do  
To tell if he is false or true;  
Oh! mark her cheek's unwonted flush  
And guess the meaning of that blush:  
Oh! read the triumph in his eye,  
And banish all anxiety!



A FRAGMENT.

Am I forgotten ?

Tell me, did he *love* ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Then thou art *not* forgotten !

A passing feeling soon may fade away,

But love awakened never can decay !

Thine own experience might surely tell,

It is not *love* if it is changeable.

## THE DREAM OF THE WIDOWER.

“ There always is a sweet and soothing pleasure in the remembrance of first love. It is like the memory of our early home. A first love is surely the early home of the heart.”—JAMES.

I DREAM a changeful dream ! No hues remain  
Beyond a moment's space ! And then again  
Fresh rainbow colours such as crystal throws  
Replace the lily and the fading rose !  
Or softer yet in fairer harmony,  
With light and beauty borrowed from the sky,  
The glowing tints in tranquil lustre smile,  
Or stream in splendour o'er the chequered aisle.

I dream a darker dream ! Bright clouds are gone,  
And all is dull that now I gaze upon ;  
And fancy, hurried from her golden car,  
Robbed of her brightness, like a fallen star,  
Sinks in the billows of the far-off main,  
And night and day must pass ere she may rise again.

These midnight visions are a various theme,  
For there are many phases in my dream :  
Childhood at times, then manhood's prime appears,  
The joy of moments and the love of years :  
Then gloomier seems the picture memory drew,  
And fear awakened mourns its fading hue ;  
While hope is cheerless, and with altered power  
Remembrance bursts upon me, and no more  
Dreams of the future and the past present  
The same expression in each lineament.

I dream again ; and dying embers rise,  
Too true an omen for my streaming eyes :  
I sadly watch the fast expiring spark,  
But even now not *all* around is dark ;

For *thou* art there, in every change of dream,  
As o'er my soul those memoried visions stream ;  
*Thou* in thy childhood's brightest hopes arrayed ;  
*Thou* in thy willows, when those hopes decayed !  
*Thou* in the joy and bitterness of tears,  
*Thou* in *thine* earlier, and *our* later years !  
*Thou* in thy happiness, and in thy gloom,  
*Thou* in thy peaceful life, and in thy tomb !

## THE VACANT PLACES.

"He that can make the desert bloom, can make the churchyard smile."

KENNAWAY.

AGAIN the Spring's fair flowers we wreath,  
And feel again the breath of May,  
Or joy at sunset's hour to breathe  
The fragrant sweetness of the hay !  
Again a circle shines around  
Of glowing hearts and merry faces ;  
Till in each ear remembrance breathes  
The story of those vacant places.

Since last we met in social mirth,  
A lonely year has glided by ;  
And all the varying landscape round  
Is not so changed as you and I.

Oh! brightly then, as Memory tells,  
Gleamed earth and sky, so fair and blue,  
Yet brighter shone each little face  
With nobler charms of fairer hue!

Where are they, who no more remain  
To cheer the summer with their glee,  
Whose voices, now no longer heard,  
Are echoed still to you and me?  
Where are they, children of our hearts?  
I may not say too early taken,  
Since we, when ripe as they for life,  
Shall in their own bright world awaken!

Where are they? Where nor sin nor sorrow  
Again may taint their gentle natures;  
Where light, for human eyes too full,  
Is glowing in their sainted features!  
Where, ever chaunting hymns of love,  
The voice, that lisped the infant prayer,  
Is echoed through the realms above,  
Its joyous task to call us there!

## WAKING DREAMS.

“The deeper the shadow, the brighter the light.”

I **LIE** entranced ! it is not sleep  
That bids my soul to joy or weep !  
And o'er my waking moments stream  
The varied colours of my dream !  
For thoughts have passed of every tone  
The brightest, love, of you alone ;  
The memories of a happier day  
That only came to fade away ;  
They seemed the burthen of a boy  
On golden wings too quickly flying,  
Who held aloft the cup of joy,  
The honied draught of bliss denying !

Then came the echo of a sigh,  
The earnest of a sadder morrow ;  
The softest breeze that warbled by  
Breathed, oh ! too truly, whispering sorrow !  
I dream no more of happier hours  
And gladder thoughts gone by, love,  
I only see the cloud that lowers,  
And only hear you sigh, love !

I lie entranced, and silence still  
Speaks to my wearied soul of ill ;  
A filmy darkness dims my eyes,  
A woven web of agonies ;  
I hear the deep-drawn sigh that tells  
The grief that in your bosom dwells ;  
I see the pearly tears that rise  
To summon all my sympathies ;  
For sight and sound alike convey  
With lightning's shaft or rolling thunder,  
As breeze-borne here from far away,  
Despair, bewilderment, and wonder.  
'Tis past—the echoed grief no more  
Comes sadly o'er my senses stealing,



'Tis past—away the tear that wore  
The impress of your borrowed feeling :  
I dream no more—Oh ! brightly glowing  
Beneath the sunshine's cheering ray,  
The stream of rapture overflowing  
Hath charmed the darker hour away !

## THE BUTTERFLY LOVER. •

A FRAGMENT.

“ He hath at will

“ More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;

“ A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,

“ Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.”

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY.

HERS was a tale of such a loveless love,  
Though in his heart there seemed to be kind thoughts,  
And many a hope with fond affection fraught :  
And there were deep professions and bright smiles,  
Mingling with all th' unreal lover's wiles,

And gayer tones than many a truer heart  
Gives utterance to concealed th' impending smart :  
Still there was coldness there, and base deceit ;  
At times her loving gaze he could not meet ;  
And when he did, I marked his quailing eye,  
And dreamed of unappreciated constancy !

I do believe in all that Lady's soul,  
(And it lay open with but scant control,)  
I do believe no passing thought had place,  
Which might not woo affection, and win grace !  
As one will gaze into a streamlet clear,  
And watch reflected there a loftier sphere,  
Whose softened blue within the brook seems lighter,  
Whose shadows only make the white clouds whiter :  
So did I peer into her modest mind  
As it lay open to the stranger's gaze,  
And all I marked was innocent and kind,  
Bright hopes, calm cheerfulness, and gentle ways.

And yet I know that on some false pretence,  
(The truth concealed by subtle eloquence,)  
That man has left her ! left her spiritless,  
Her warm affections nursing her distress :

And those bright smiling eyes still gaze upon her,  
And those gay tones still linger on her ear :  
Oh ! who shall say with what a sense of honour  
The wreath of triumph his mean soul may wear,  
Of hope defrauded, and of joy bereft,  
That trusting spirit wooed, and won, and left !

## DEATH LEADING INTO LIFE.

“ — Aye, the broad sun is setting ! 'tis the last  
“ That on these eyes its parting light shall cast ;  
“ He will arise to give the morrow birth,  
“ And waken all the myriad charms of earth ;—  
“ I shall not need him then !—my soul shall gaze  
“ On lovelier prospects, and on purer rays !  
“ E'en now, through yonder clouds, the sapphire sky  
“ Opens, like the portal of eternity ;  
“ And forms of light and air around me throng,  
“ And far, far cadences of angel-song  
“ Float through the depths of heaven :—I come—I come :  
“ Farewell, my children !—'tis my summons home,  
“ My Father's home !”—

HANKINSON'S POEMS.

MAY I die when the snow wreathes  
Are only on high ;  
And the soft blue of summer  
Is bright in the sky ;  
When the zephyr brings music  
From high on my ear,  
And the cool breeze prevents me  
From dreaming of fear ;

When the soft dew of evening  
Refreshes the ground,  
And the newly clad willows  
Are weeping around ;  
When the whole host of Heaven  
Shines over my head,  
And the bright eyes of angels  
Are watching the dead :  
May I die when the snow wreaths  
Are only on high ;  
And the soft blue of summer  
Is bright in the sky !

May I live where the sorrow  
Of sin is unknown,  
And eternity dawning  
Brings rapture alone !  
Where the voices of angels  
Compose the glad choir ;  
And the love of Jehovah  
Our hymns shall inspire !  
Where hope is not withered  
Or chastened by fears :

## DEATH LEADING UNTO LIFE.

Where roses are thornless,  
And joys without tears :  
Where love, that was helpless  
Or broken on earth,  
Hath an ever enduring  
And heavenly birth :  
May I live where the sorrow  
Of sin is unknown,  
And eternity dawning  
Brings rapture alone !

May I die when my spirit  
Is beckoned in love :  
Let the parting below  
Be a welcome above !  
May I live where the glorious  
Position is given,  
By the Father alone,  
On his right hand in Heaven !  
May I live, may I die,  
When He willeth the change,  
Who giveth the winds  
And the waters their range :

May I die, may I live,  
    When the chimes tell of even,  
And the anthem below  
    Is the prelude of Heaven !  
And living, and dying,  
    And living again,  
Find His mercy as boundless  
    As sure is His reign !



## EPHEMERA.

### A FRAGMENT.

“ Lord, what is man that thou hast such respect unto him, and the son of man that thou so regardest him ?

“Man is like a thing of naught : his time passeth away like a shadow.”

Ps. cxliv. 3, 4.

THERE are whose birth-day is the eve of death,  
Who spring to life beneath the sunset's ray,  
Glowing with beauty, and to this fair earth  
Welcomed in twilight ! Ere the morrow breaks  
A long long night, their half of life, must pass ;  
Can they look forward to the promised day,  
How distant seeming to their narrow sight ?  
Can they the brightness of the dawn foresee

While sleep the half of their few hours beguiles?  
Oh! there is planted in each little heart  
More than contentment, more than confidence!  
Oh! there are folded 'neath each glittering wing  
Perceptions bright and blissful; springs unknown  
Of joy and gratitude! The morning breaks,  
And their glad hearts are bounding with delight:  
On wandering wing they seek the yellow fields,  
Smiling with harvest; then the rippling stream,  
Diffusing coolness through the fragrant air:  
And then gay flowers, the fairest scene of all,  
Breathe sweet enchantment to those happy creatures.  
Such is the May-day of their life; as bright  
As beautiful! For ere the evening orb  
Swells with the fulness of its glorious light,  
And the rich tide of splendour sinks at even,  
And gently woos the Ocean's soft caress,  
While many a murmuring wave awaits the beam,  
Which first shall melt beneath its welcome kiss,  
And as a lover, ere the loved one comes,  
Ever with eager and expectant lip,  
Dances with joy, and glows with harmony!  
Yes—ere "the death of day" they die.—While yet  
The glorious beams of their departing day

May flood the glowing canopy of Heaven,  
And forest glen and mountain's gilded top  
And sparkling stream are beautiful with light,  
Die these Ephemera ! A race like theirs  
Live on, the tenants of a few more hours !  
And oh ! how few ! Thought must be stirring then—  
Why still, ye hands ? Awake, ye slumbering eyes ;  
Attend, ye careless ears ! Life, impulse, glory,  
Hope to be caught, faith to be laid hold upon,  
Religion, charity, salvation in their train,  
All are before ye ! " Seek and ye shall find,"  
" Ask and ye shall receive." " Now is the day,"  
" Now is the time accepted !"

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## THE BELFRY TOWER.

FROM the tower  
With sullen swell  
Wakes the note  
Of passing bell;  
Greeting thus, in mournful tone,  
A pilgrim to the world unknown !

From those bells,  
The same that toll  
The departure  
Of a soul,  
Gladder bursts the holy peal,  
A prelude to baptismal seal !

## THE BELFRY TOWER.

Hear each sweet  
And gentle note  
On the breezes  
Lightly float :  
Where true love has fondly lighted,  
Hands are joined and hearts united !

Deepest as  
The note of death  
Sounds its iron  
Tongue and breath ;  
Heralding the spirit hence  
To a world of innocence !

Softly sighing  
On the morn,  
Notes of welcome,  
Hither borne,  
Bid the Christian watch and pray  
While his sin is washed away !

When we meet  
With solemn feeling,  
At the holy  
Altar kneeling,  
Listen to the pealing bell,  
Which rings our joyousness so well !

Oh ! with every  
Change of ours,  
Is another change,  
The belfry tower's ;  
Mark we then each note ascending,  
Hope, and love, and victory blending !

## ASSOCIATION.

BRIGHT Genius hover round me,  
Association ;  
How oft thy spell hath bound me,  
Association !

How many a bygone hour,  
How many a happy scene,  
Thine all-recalling power  
Brings sweetly to my ken !

Could I avail to mark  
Thy path with windings fraught,  
And trace with eager mind  
The labyrinth of thought !

To know the chord which summons  
The thoughts of early years,  
And can bring to joyous bosoms  
The memory of tears !

To tell the soft emotions,  
Which, rising in the spirit,  
Bring kindred scenes to mind,  
A rare and blissful merit !

To know, and use in sorrow,  
That wonder-working key,  
Which in the rock may oft unlock  
The fount of sympathy !

Oh ! could I all ! a happier man  
I might not yet become :  
Should a lover always dream of love ?  
Or an exile think of home ?



Oh ! no—I prize thee rather,  
Uncertain as thou art ;  
Thine absence, or thy presence,  
Of thy mystery a part.

The light is good, the darkness good,  
And both ordained by Heaven !  
Thine absence and thy presence  
A various blessing given !

Bright Genius hover round me,  
Association ;  
How oft thy spell hath bound me,  
Association !

## THE REALIZATION OF THE DREAM.

"They ask, are vows in silence made ?

" Can true love trust a token ?

" Oh yes, I answer, much is said

" Which lips have never spoken."

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

I THOUGHT he loved, and blushed to think

A maiden's heart should feel

A hope, a trust, a joy which yet

She could not but conceal.

I thought he loved ; the anxious eye,

Upraised in doubt to mine,

Spoke in a language which the heart

Can easily divine !

## THE REALIZATION OF THE DREAM.

I thought he loved : it was not once  
Our eager glances met ;  
But times too many to recount,  
Too happy to forget !

Oh ! blissful thought ! oh ! daylike dream !  
It seemed the dawning bright  
Of hope beyond anxiety,  
Of a day without a night !

And moments passed, and happy hours  
In silence glided by ;  
And I felt the magic of his voice,  
And the lightning of his eye :

But oh ! when sorrow on me fell,  
And tears from hope were wrung,  
I felt the living tenderness  
That trembled on his tongue !

I felt he loved ! few words were spoken  
In that eventful hour,  
For faith and truth live in the eyes,  
And silence hath its power !

And then no more a maiden's blush  
My own fond heart reproved,  
For I could only think of joy  
When I only felt he loved !

## SELFISHNESS.

In childhood I would scarce confess  
To the sin of selfishness !  
In boyhood no one accusation  
Gave me half as much vexation !  
And oh ! it was my manhood's pride  
Still to bear to be denied !  
But I smile, my love, when thou  
Sayest I am not selfish *now* !  
Selfish ! oh ! beyond compare,  
Selfish as no others are :  
But selfish in a nobler way,  
If selfish with a wider sway :  
Why that disbelieving laugh ?  
Selfish for my dearer half :

Why that gayer brighter glance  
Which doth my selfishness enhance?  
What though I may ne'er incline  
To any little wish of mine?  
What though I can never care  
For any joy thou dost not share?  
Tell me, can I bear to part  
With what might please thy gentle heart?  
Can I put myself aside,  
And let my Laura be denied?  
Can I yield her rightful place  
As she yields her own with grace?  
And even if we should be parted,  
Be of all the lightest hearted?

Oh! but form can never ask  
Such an uncongenial task!  
Though I know that cold word "fashion"  
Hath not much to do with passion!  
I am selfish! No denial  
Can avail against the trial;  
And must ever selfish prove,  
Since selfishness is part of love!

## CAN I FORGET ?

**"Gratitude is the memory, and love is the hope of the heart."**

**HORACE SMITH.**

**"Oh ! nothing has the memory of love."**

**L. E. L.**

CAN I forget the group of merry faces,  
The joyous playmates of my childhood's hours ;  
The charm of innocence with all its graces  
Beaming and blossoming like young spring flowers ;  
The happy meetings, and the vacant places,  
Love's joys and griefs, its sunshine and its showers ;  
Can I forget them ?

Can I forget the first sad hour of mourning,  
Which fell upon my early home of love ;  
The chastened spirit's vain and anxious yearning  
To join the lost one in the realms above ;  
And then the gentle gleam of joy returning,  
As to the ark of hope the wandering dove ;  
Can I forget them ?

Can I forget the sorrow and the sighing  
When some bright link of love awhile was broken :  
Can I forget the kissing and good byeing,  
The dear memento and the cherished token ;  
The laughing eyes in very anguish crying,  
And soft adieux with tearful utterance spoken ;  
Can I forget them ?

Can I forget the shouting and the dancing  
Around the chesnut and the old oak tree,  
And the forbidden river brightly glancing  
Beneath the sunbeam so invitingly ;  
Above Heaven's glorious vault our souls entrancing,  
Around sweet songs of Nature's melody ;  
Can I forget them ?



Can I forget the laughing and the singing,  
The rude enjoyments of the harvest home ;  
The stream of childish rapture ever springing,  
Rising in fountains but to sink in foam ;  
And the dear tones of those sweet church bells ringing  
A welcome to their consecrated dome ;  
Can I forget them ?

Can I forget the first thrill of emotion  
That told my heart that it was mine no more ;  
The deeper flood than stream or lake or ocean  
That my unconscious soul came gushing o'er ;  
And all those after years of deep devotion  
Which laid up so much happiness in store ;  
Can I forget them ?

Can I forget the first and fond impression  
That your young joyous spirit made on mine :  
Can I forget when it became a passion,  
Born with my very being to entwine ;  
The rapture of your gentle sweet confession,  
(The truth withheld no longer)—“ I am thine :”  
Can I forget them ?

Can I forget the waiting and the wooing,  
Before the fixing of the far-off day;  
The tear of more than joy your cheek bedewing,  
The breath of hope that fanned that tear away;  
And every smile and every thought renewing  
The dream, and oh! how true a dream, of day;  
Can I forget them?

Can I forget the sacred joy of loving,  
With every feeling on that love intent;  
The wings of holy angels ever moving,  
To guard our wedded love in mercy sent;  
The Church of God those marriage vows approving  
With solemn seal of Christ's sweet sacrament;  
Can I forget them?

Can I forget the heavy breath of sadness,  
When two dear pledges of our love were taken;  
The softer air and lighter breeze of gladness,  
Which could the soul from sorrow's sleep awaken;  
Or the Sirocco's sullen gloom of madness  
When by your illness e'en my hope was shaken;  
Can I forget them?

Can I forget our children's early prattle,  
The welcome music of their infancy ;  
Aunt Mary's coral, Uncle Henry's rattle,  
Which so delighted them, and you, and me ;  
Our girl's bright smiles, our young son's mimic battle,  
Their trusting love, their sorrows, and their glee ;  
Can I forget them ?

Can I forget my first attempts at teaching  
The very lessons that I once was taught :  
The little listeners' young minds scarcely reaching  
The uncongenial mystery of thought ;  
The wayward father's earnest accents preaching  
The Word he never valued as he ought ;  
Can I forget them ?

Can I forget the welcome voice that ever  
Guided my fainting spirit to its rest ;  
That spoke of hope and mercy's flowing river,  
And sweet forgiveness in our Saviour's breast,  
And bade me look to One of life the giver,  
And feel that life through Him for ever blessed ;  
Can I forget them ?

Can *you* forget the hopes, the joys, the weeping,  
Each as it came a various blessing given,  
The pang of sorrow while delight was sleeping,  
The ungrateful murmur, as we hope, forgiven ;  
The harvest sown in tears now fair for reaping,  
The blossoms born on earth to bloom in heaven ;  
Can *you* forget them ?

Can *you* forget in girlhood softly stealing  
O'er your pure spirit love's first gentle thrill ?  
Can you forget a warmer love concealing,  
Which soon became too powerful for the will ?  
Oh ! *you* live o'er again each rapturous feeling,  
As joys that were to *me* are joyous still ;  
While added years are added love revealing,  
And memory's tears around us yet distil ;  
*For we cannot forget them !*

## THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

"They sin who tell us love can die."

SOUTHEY.

WHY tell ye me

That love may die ? the one unfading thing  
That God hath given us ! Rather, He is love,  
And love, as He, imperishable ! Time  
Shall fail ; but *love is not of time !* This life  
Be but a memory ; love is not hers !  
In mercy God may let it sleep awhile,  
But while it sleeps, it lives, and breathes, and grows apace.

## THE DREAM AND THE REALITY.

I DREAMED of love in bygone years  
With fond imagining,  
And hoped it might my spirit move,  
For I thought it a hallowed thing!  
But *now I love*; and joy and tears  
In turns subside and spring;  
And I know the unspeakable power of love,  
And I own it a holy thing!

## HOPE.

SHALL Hope's bright flower  
Scarce bloom an hour,  
Or blossom but to die,  
As castles fair  
That are built in air  
Fade into vacancy ?

Shall Hope's dear dream  
Like a meteor seem,  
Scarce seen from this lower earth,  
Or the diamond spray  
Which sparkles away  
At the moment of its birth ?

Oh ! her rainbow smile  
May be dim awhile  
    With a shadow or a tear ;  
But her spirit lives,  
And sweetly gives  
    Its light to a holier sphere !



## FRAGMENT.

" I burn—my brain consumes to ashes—  
" Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes ;  
" Within my breast there glows a solid fire,  
" Which in a thousand ages can't expire."

RELIGUES OF ANCIENT POETRY.

I HEAR her still ! I see her now before me !  
Oh ! that these eyes should still have sight to see,  
Oh ! that these ears should still have power to hear  
The vocal phantoms of the clouded soul !

You're in a phrenzy !

*Passion* call it rather,  
A passion—one, *one passion*, which has held

My soul in thrall, and shall for ever hold it!  
Would you the rapture of my soul should cease,  
And I should live through ealm untroubled years,  
Life without love, when love is everything?  
Oh! no—the trial were too bitter then!  
I have lost *her*: *but not the thought of her*!  
She is another's! and my love, alas!  
Is criminal, unless 'tis changeable!  
God grant that it may vary in its kind,  
But not a jot of its intensity!

## PORTRAITS.

" She was a Phantom of delight,  
" When first she gleamed upon my sight,  
" A lovely apparition sent  
" To be a moment's ornament.

• • •

" A creature not too bright or good  
" For human nature's daily food  
" For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
" Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

• • •

" A perfect woman—nobly planned,  
" To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
" And yet a spirit, still and bright  
" With something of an angel light."

WORDSWORTH.

" In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,  
" Bountie, riches, and womanly feature :  
" God better knows, than my pen can report,  
" Wisdom, largesse,\* estate,† and cunning‡ sure,  
" In every point so guided her measure,  
" In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,  
" That nature might no more her child advance."

JAMES THE FIRST.

\* Bounty.

† Dignity.

‡ Discretion.

## PORTRAITS.

As freed from earthly cares that press  
Upon his chastened happiness,  
The early lark on rapturous wing,  
Whose glad notes on the welkin ring,  
May mount above them, and afar  
Gaze fondly on the morning star ;  
And carolling his joyous song,  
More glad those purer airs among,  
May find in peace a balm for woe,  
Unknown on earth, unfelt below :  
So won from grief and tears that still  
The fountain of my feelings fill,  
The thousand daily cares repressing,  
I deem the pause of thought a blessing ;  
And fondly turn with eager eye  
To search the stores of memory ;

And wandering through a calmer sphere,  
I listen with attentive ear,  
Too seldom charmed, but sure at last  
To catch an echo of the past.

Ye conjured visions, sent awhile  
The spirit's sadness to beguile,  
Winning the spirit from its grief,  
Unconsciously to give relief,  
How transient and how dear ye are  
How sweet a balm to banish care !

My childhood ! Oh ! the deep-felt joy  
That glowed around the happy boy ;  
The rapture of those early years,  
But freshened with the dew of tears ;  
As may the summer shower beguile  
The hidden sunbeam's warmer smile !

The scene dissolves—a softer tone  
Is over every feeling thrown ;

The landscape's tints are yet more mild,  
My gaze is on a fairer child;  
And I am spell-bound with the sense  
Of homage due to innocence.

Oh! thought awakening change, she moves :  
I watch—I think—I feel she loves!  
And know that gentle impulse given  
To be a bright foretaste of Heaven.

(She was a child, and childish thought  
Was all her happy spirit caught :  
While resting on the mossy lawn  
She seemed too fair a thing for earth ;  
I felt her being earthly born  
A prelude to her Heavenly birth :  
She sat unconscious of the power  
She held o'er manhood's thoughtful hour,  
To bid his spirit be as mild  
And happy as a little child.)

The scene is all before me still,  
The past was as the present thrill ;

She rises from her daisied seat  
And, as breaks forth her gladdening tone,  
Seems to the lark that voice so sweet  
Has caught an echo of his own :  
Hers is a little song of love,  
Such love as only children feel,  
The lark may trill, and coo the dove  
The thoughts that o'er her senses steal :  
While with her carol sweet and gay,  
She seems the fairest flower of May,  
And breathing joy and echoing hope  
Bounds lightly as an antelope.  
Still as I catch that gentle voice  
Whose every murmur says "rejoice,"  
Oh ! tell me why my heart should glow,  
And unaccustomed tears should flow ?  
And say why pulse of mine should beat  
With the glancing of those tiny feet ?

Again, again, before my eyes,  
Beneath Italia's cloudless skies,  
Where all is bright and all sublime  
In fairy Venice' sunny clime ;

Where rapture glows, and memories shed  
 Their lustre o'er the classic head ;  
 Again those glorious orbs of light,  
 Winning the dayspring from the night,  
 Their depth of fairest sapphire hue,  
 (Not envy's self could call them blue,)  
 Their gaze of tenderness which yet  
 Grows brighter ere the sun shall set :  
 Again they gleam upon my soul,  
 The sense of sadness to control :  
 Again they burst upon my view,  
 Too dear, too bright, but not too true.

Oh ! sooth to know the prisoned thought  
 With anguish or with rapture fraught ;  
 Oh ! sooth to hear the voice repressed  
 Among the secrets of her breast !  
 For say, the lamp that glows within  
     With diamond light those living eyes,  
 Is it bid by present hope to shine,  
     Or lit by passing memories ?  
 And say, the tone that thrills my ear,  
     Too soft, too rapturous to last,



Is it her own sweet music here,  
Or but an echo of the past?  
I fondly deem I know the voice,  
A murmur from the heartstrings given,  
And the light that bids my soul rejoice  
Seems newborn from its home in Heaven!  
Oh! happy thought, that Angel feet  
May guide her gentle way on earth,  
That she by Angels led may meet  
The glories of a heavenly birth:  
That pain, and grief, and tears, and woe,  
The portion of the spirit here,  
May melt before so sweet a glow  
As the sunshine of a holier sphere!

*There is the home of love!*

True it wandereth round us!  
And our softened hearts may move  
When its chain hath bound us!  
Feel we the power of love  
To banish our sadness?  
All the hosts of Heaven approve  
Our newborn gladness!

## MARY.

I saw her when her sweet smile played  
Like sunshine on the sea ;  
My heart was dazzled, and afraid  
Of childhood's witchery !  
But fear ere long to hope gave place,  
Presumptuous hope of mine ;  
What marvel that her every grace  
Around my soul should twine ?

I saw her when a shadow fell  
Across her thoughtful eye ;  
No pen can trace, no tongue can tell  
That sweet tranquillity !

The love that dawned in brighter days,  
And flowed unheeded on,  
Would not be hidden by the haze  
When half their light was gone.

I see her now that cloud is gone,  
As from the summer sky,  
And happier still, I gaze upon  
Her chastened purity !  
For oh ! if love grew warm before,  
And would not be repressed,  
It glows within my spirit more  
When nearer to its rest.

And thus, for many a year deferred,  
Through many a change it passed,  
At first by sorrow undeterred,  
Triumphant at the last !  
For now, the weary struggle o'er,  
The joyful task is done ;  
And, Mary mine, I seek no more,  
For *all* I sought *is won* !

## LOVE AND HEAVEN.

THERE are those who hold that as love on earth  
Is by generous impulse given ;  
It may pass away, like a dream of May,  
Or vanishing stars from Heaven ;  
That it came too fast, and too sweetly to last ;  
That this earth decays, and love is of days ;  
But ah ! how far from the truth they are,  
When love they remove from the realms above  
In their cold idea of Heaven !

There are those who feel that the passion here  
As a bright foretaste is given ;  
Which may droop and sleep, but it sinketh deep,  
And will surely awake in Heaven !  
That its hope may fly, but can never die ;  
That its joy may cease, but will soon increase ;  
And oh ! how true is glad faith's bright view,  
In the realms above there is constant love,  
And ceaseless joy in Heaven !

## THE HEAVENS.

“The view too, from the terrace and the windows was in itself a continual source of calm and high-toned pleasure to the minds that dwelt within, for they were those that could appreciate all that is lovely, more especially in the works of God ; and over the wild scene came a thousand varying aspects as the clouds and sunshine chased each other along, like the poetical dreams of a bright and varying imagination.”

“ Nothing could be fairer or more peaceful than the whole scene, and it was scarcely possible to suppose that the passions of man could remain untamed and unchastened by the aspect of so much tranquillity.”

JAMES.

THERE is a sermon in the skies !

It speaketh to a world of sight;  
And shall the eye not drink delight,  
As from a fountain ever bright,  
And own the glorious scene's intense,  
And most resistless eloquence ?

Do ye not know on duller earth  
Few kindling words give sudden birth  
To thoughts that will like lightning play  
Though all unheeded till to-day  
To memory, and to hope,—the one  
Ever recurring with a tone  
That breathes an echo of the past,  
Too soft, too passionate to last ;  
The other kindled by a spark  
Which glows though all around be dark,  
And sees a joy in every view,  
And feels delight in every sound,  
Each rapturous here, but far less true  
Than in Heaven's infinite profound :  
Oh ! why then deem that ear or eye  
In vain turn upward to the sky ;  
That only fancy's beams have being  
In heavenly tones or bliss of seeing ;  
For hath not God bestowed on sense  
The spirit of intelligence ?  
And written on that vault above  
Bright words of faith and hope and love ?  
Why deem ye then that I can look  
In less than earnest on that book ;

And read not in each dazzling page  
Sweet comfort for man's pilgrimage ?  
And catch not from th' unfolded scroll  
A dear communion with the soul ?  
Why think ye, when I watch the skies,  
I dwell not on their mysteries,  
And when I gaze with rapture there,  
I'm building castles in the air ?  
Oh ! no—those bright abodes were planned,  
Those heavenly mansions raised on high,  
The triumph of a faultless hand,  
The scheme of an unerring eye !  
And there are sermons written there,  
Engraven by the hand of God,  
“Thrice welcome hope,” “away despair,”  
The mottoes of His blest abode !  
And though we tremble as we read  
The living characters He traced,  
Which, ever ready at our need,  
Nor storm hath dulled, nor time defaced ;  
Yet gaze we with a trustful heart,  
And tremble with a holy fear ;  
While grace His Spirit shall impart  
To guide us and to guard us here.

It is because we cannot glance,  
A moment o'er the far expanse,  
And fail with raptured eye above  
To read the thrilling words of love ;  
Because we cannot gaze around  
On earth's less fair and blissful bound ;  
And even in the twilight here  
Forget to love, forget to fear ;  
Or crush the thought that God is good,  
Or cease the flow of gratitude ;  
It is for this that high and low,  
    In loftier air, on humbler earth,  
The sweeter and the warmer glow  
    Of joy and faith and hope have birth ;  
That hours to admiration given,  
    As on this fading earth we gaze,  
*Will* mingle with the thought of Heaven  
    Trust in the Ancient One of Days ;  
Then say not while I scan the skies,  
    I am but reading fables there ;  
Their deeply written mysteries  
    Breathe a sweet comfort every where ;  
And God, who has so much concealed  
    From eyes that could not read aright,



Some gleams of glory has revealed  
In very majesty of light ;  
Thus giving to the eager gaze  
Of mortal's weak and dazzled sense  
A spring of hope, a fount of praise,  
The spirit of intelligence !  
For faith, and hope from faith that springs,  
And love, their sister grace,  
Are in the rainbow's colourings,  
And Heaven's all-glorious face ;  
And every hour and every flower,  
Is calling us to own  
That He, who made the sun and shade,  
Is God, and God alone

## MERCY.

“There is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of God.”

Ps. XLVI. 4.

THERE is a fountain ever near us,  
Which thirsty spirits will not taste ;  
An everflowing stream to cheer us,  
The worn, the weary, and abased !

Its soft low murmurs fall around us,  
And gently soothe the listening ear,  
And scare the fears which may have bound us,  
And prove the stream of comfort near.

That fountain is for ever falling,  
A voice in every drop of light,  
And yet its tones are vainly calling  
Our spirits to its pure delight.

The breath of love may bear it hither,  
In pearly drop or diamond spray ;  
Refreshing all the hopes that wither,  
And strengthening e'en the castaway.

Oh ! why not in this balm of healing  
Our fainting spirits oft bedew,  
Such streams of purest joy revealing  
As may the guiltiest heart renew ?

Drink deeply of that living river,  
The cure for every earthly pain ;  
And truly ye shall live for ever,  
But never, never thirst again !

## HAPPINESS APART FROM HOPE.

“ Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,  
“ I talked, and laughed, and danced, and sung ;  
“ And proud of health, of freedom vain,  
“ Dreamed not of sorrow, toil, or pain :  
“ Concluding in those hours of glee  
“ That all the world was made for me !

“ But when the time of trial came,  
“ And sickness shook this trembling frame ;  
“ When folly's gay pursuit was o'er,  
“ And I could dance and sing no more ;  
“ It *then* occurred how sad 'twould be  
“ Were this world *only* made for me !”

PRINCESS AMELIA.

“ The dimness of the distance lends enchantment to the scenery.”

UNPUBLISHED SERMONS.

## HAPPINESS APART FROM HOPE.

Oh ! say in this wide world of woe,  
Whence sin and sighs and sorrow spring,  
If tear-drops might no longer flow,  
And ceased the sound of murmuring ;  
If full fruition left no more  
For heart to hope, and hope to dream,  
And light, that now is far before,  
Were present with its living beam ;  
Should rest, the stranger, venture here,  
And peace be fairer than the morn,  
And love through this cold atmosphere  
Be shadowed forth, but hope withdrawn ;  
Oh ! say, if changeless rest were all  
The past, the present, and to be,  
Unknown the spirit's painful thrall,  
Unwept the woes of Memory ;

Would happiness on earth be found,  
The moment sorrow's voice were gone ;  
And joy with moveless peace abound,  
And dearer love's serener tone ;  
And sweet contentment breathe around  
The soft delights of beauty's throne ?

I doubt it, draw the scene who may,  
If tinged by no unearthly ray :  
Yet rob the rainbow and the sun,  
And lay the choicest colours on,  
And let the glowing landscape blend  
Its peaceful influence to the end ;  
Call pleasure on her golden wings,  
And fancy's sweet imaginings ;  
And let the fullest bloom be given  
Of love that does not look to Heaven :  
I doubt it, though the pencil trace  
The presence of each earthly grace ;  
And magic touch may waft afar  
The sad similitude of care ;  
Though air be soft and sky be clear,  
And only beauty reigning here ;

Though tears be dried, and grief be stayed,  
And life in sweetest peace arrayed ;  
Till wishes are no more a task,  
And all is given ere we ask !

I doubt it—for in human kind  
“The mind alone can chain the mind ;”  
Because I feel o’er faith’s delight  
Hope ever sheds her shining light ;  
Nor deem that real joy is known  
Save by the justified alone ;  
Nor e’en to them is ever given  
But as an antepast of Heaven.  
So dream not in this world of woe  
Our spirits could for long rejoice ;  
The wearied heart, while here below,  
*Will* listen for a heavenly voice ;  
*Will* hope, with many a sorrow riven,  
*Will* trust, with many a fear distressed ;  
Because its faith secures in Heaven  
A sure and everlasting rest !  
*I doubt it ?*—cold and cheerless word,  
Too quickly and too lightly spoken ;

For oh ! when reason's voice is heard,  
It gives a warmer, truer token ;  
It tells us that the soul was given  
But as a stranger on this earth ;  
An anxious traveller to Heaven,  
A pilgrim till its second birth :  
That, when the world has passed away,  
Its essence, which can never die,  
(Dissolved its brotherhood with clay,)  
*Must* wake to immortality !  
And shall the captive soul be glad,  
While prisoned in its house of flesh ?  
Oh ! no—although that soul so sad  
Some springs of comfort may refresh :  
And oh ! without the distant light,  
That wins upon the darkness here,  
It has no prospect of delight,  
Chained in this clouded atmosphere :  
*But with it—with the light of love,*  
Beyond the world, beyond the sky,  
It soars through all the realms above,  
And peers into Eternity.



## FAREWELL.

"Fare thee weel, my best and dearest."—BURNS.

FARE thee well, my best and dearest !  
Peace around thy memory twine !  
Why should I believe thou fearest  
Pain or grief or change of mine ?

Blessings more than I can number  
On thy gentle path be shed !  
Holy thoughts and happy slumber  
Gather round thy peaceful bed !

Yet—oh! stay not the emotion  
Which the form of tears may wear,  
At the thought of deep devotion  
Only thou and I may share :

Fare thee well, my first and fairest,  
Truest joy, and fondest love,  
Till we meet, my best and dearest,  
Here, or, happier thought! above!

## DOES HE LOVE ME ?

" She hoped ; how love will hope ! "

L. E. L.

WHAT shall I judge by ? sighs and smiles ?

Enchanting smiles and broken sighs ;

The echo which my heart beguiles,

The language of his speaking eyes ?

There is a nameless charm that tells

The love that in his bosom dwells !

What shall I judge by ? silence ? No !  
The refuge of the broken heart ;  
For joy may be as still as woe,  
And happiest lips refuse to part :  
But something speaks in accents low,  
I know not where, I know not how !

It is a struggle for my soul  
To yield it to such calm control ;  
But when I reason with my spirit,  
And whisper o'er each valued merit,  
Deeming one while that he is free,  
Another that those eyes are true ;  
That such sweet joy can never be,  
Till love-light dawns upon my view ;  
Oh ! there are signs which I can mark,  
Betrayers of the hidden spark ;  
Heralds, love's approach to tell ;  
Maiden heart can tell them well :  
Yes—there are tokens I can feel,  
Not fit for maiden to reveal ;  
Which win the heart, because they prove  
The magic sympathy of love !

And thus I rest, with hope alone,  
Unwooed, oh ! shall I say unwon ?  
Content to wait a clearer day,  
Content to watch the changeful ray ;  
To feel what is not given to sight,  
To know that all he does is right ;  
To trust that God who reigns above  
Will have compassion on our love ;  
That joy may stream, and hope may be  
Yet brighter in futurity !

## FORGET HER.

“ Forgetfulness ? Do you believe in it ?

“ The memory may, the heart cannot forget ! ”

TRUTH AND TRIUMPH.

“ FORGET her ? ” Yes, if death be *dreamless sleep*

I shall indeed forget her ! *But if not,*

“ *Forget her ?* ” No !

Go, wander where old ocean’s roar

Is echoed on the rocky shore,

And many a stern and voiceful steep

Repeats the anthem of the deep :

Or seize the awful hour when most

Niagara her pride may boast,

Replete with overpowering sense  
Of God's omnipotence !  
And mark where stream on stream descends,  
And soft with wildest scenery blends,  
Wrapping in foam th' expanse that lies  
Between her grandeur and the skies ;  
Then where the spray is borne on high,  
While breezes o'er her waters move,  
As eager to identify  
This earth below with Heaven above ;  
Oh ! watch her in her fiercest might,  
And at her passion's utmost height,  
Bewildered by the glorious sight,  
Go, stem *that* torrent, *not the tide of love !*

## THE TEAR.

A TEARDROP fell

Unconsciously ! Of what was it the tear?  
For there are tears of joy, and tears of woe,  
And tears of gratitude ! My thankful heart  
May claim the gentle witness for her own,  
A dewy tribute to the peace vouchsafed,  
Freshening the soil in which that comfort fell,  
And making it bring forth and bud !



## THE ENDEARMENTS OF LOVE.

In gentle sweet diminutives

Affection fondly lives ;

Thus lovers reckon *blindness bliss.*

And make of *kindness kiss.*

## THE WREATHES.

" Her fight is fought, her triumph won ! "

MOULTRE.

CAN I forget the triumph day which bade  
The ivy deck that lofty brow of thine ?  
The later hour, whose nobler glory made  
The laurel leaf above the ivy shine ?  
Or that, which let, in gloomier pomp arrayed,  
The cypress branch around the laurel twine ?

Oh ! No,—the first was graven on my heart,  
The unequal shadow of thy dear reward ;  
And from my glowing memory ne'er to part,  
Still lives the impression of thy laurelled sword ;  
But deeper thrills me with a dear sad start,  
Thy chastened spirit yielded up to God !

## STRANGE THINGS.

"There is a language by the virgin made,  
"Not read, but felt,—not uttered, but betrayed ;  
"A mute companion, yet so wondrous sweet,  
"Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.  
"'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows ;  
"In one short glance whole volumes it avows,  
"In one short moment tells of many days,  
"In one short speaking silence all conveys :  
"Joy, sorrow, love recounts—hope, pity, fear,  
"And looks a sigh, and weeps without a tear.  
"Oh ! 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,  
"So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind !  
"Were eyes melodious, and could music shower  
"From orient rays now striking on a flower,  
"Such heavenly music from that glance might rise,  
"And angels own the music of the skies."

ELIZABETH K. BARRETT.

"Now I am angry with the world,  
"Which don't believe, as I believe, in love !"

OLD PLAY.

## STRANGE THINGS.

OH ! tell me not, ye coldly wise,  
There is no language in the eyes ;  
For know ye not the full gaze meant  
As keen expression of dissent ?  
And feel ye not the upraised glance,  
Which wraps you in a mutual trance ?  
For wist ye not the eyes' bright smile,  
Which sorrow's self may half beguile ?  
And mark ye not the tears that flow,  
To sympathize with other's woe ?

As well might atheists declare  
There is no eloquence in air :  
No tones of nature, soundless now,  
Now trembling with a murmur low ;  
And like Æolian notes that rise,  
The zephyr's changeful melodies !

It lives in every voiceless nook,  
It speaks in every purling brook ;  
It breathes where yellow corn-fields wave,  
Is whispered o'er the vaulted grave ;  
Is nature's universal prayer,  
For it is echoed everywhere !  
It is the warbling of a bird,  
The rustling where a leaf is stirred ;  
It is the music of the bee,  
The half hushed voice of every tree,  
And ocean's proud monotony !

Oh ! dream ye that each separate art  
May only play a single part ?  
That music charms the ear alone,  
And leaves the spirit passionless ?  
That living pictures have no tone,  
Or but an echo of our own,  
And poetry is colourless ?

Alas ! and will ye deem me wild,  
Because I boast me nature's child ?

Because I have a keener sense  
Of her impassioned eloquence,  
Than ye, whose pride too quickly swells  
To listen to the tale she tells ?  
Oh ! know ye not, ('twere well to know  
Such balm for every earthly woe,)  
Oh ! know ye not the twilight hour,  
When sunset holds mysterious power,  
And silence is not voiceless ?  
Then have ye yet a bliss to feel  
Which only those who love have known,  
And even love cannot reveal  
Its wondrous depths, its thrilling tone !  
Just so the language of the eyes,  
No mortal tongue can ever tell,  
For it was given from the skies,  
And is on earth unspeakable !  
Oh ! well that mortal heart can feel,  
Its treasured words, and thrilling tone,  
As another's voiceful glance may steal  
Around the silence of our own !  
That sympathy, response, and love,  
Thus quickly into being spring,  
As granted from the realms above,  
And beyond this world's imagining !

## THE OLDEN DAYS.

THE olden days ! the olden days !  
Of sorrow and delight,  
Kindled by hope's enchanting rays,  
So transient and so bright !  
Bid hope return, bid memory live ;  
This back, the other onward strays ;  
For why not still in thought revive  
The spirit of those olden days ?

The brightest ray, the brightest ray,  
That e'er to man was given,  
May fade away, like a dream of day,  
Or rainbow hues from heaven !  
Lament ye not the fugitive !  
Its shadow through the twilight plays—  
For ever shall the echo live,  
The echo of those olden days !

## THE DYING CAPTIVE.

"To some peaceful plain convey me,  
"On a mossy carpet lay me;  
"Fan me with ambrosial breeze,  
"Let me die, and so have ease."

THE DISTRACTED LOVER.

WHERE, oh ! where  
Is the balmy air  
That fans these limbs no more ?  
The fragrant breeze  
Might give the ease  
It has often given before !



'Twere sweet to live,  
If time could give  
The heart's imaginings ;  
Or sweet to die  
'Mid the melody  
Of the zephyr's murmurings !

The human voice  
May bid us rejoice,  
But it cannot lull despair ;  
The wind's soft wings,  
On th' Æolian strings,  
Brings heavenly music there !

Oh ! come ! oh ! come !  
My spirit home  
The soft wind's wings will waft ;  
Whence the south wind blew,  
Or the hurricane flew,  
Or the gentle zephyr laughed !

Oh ! bury me by  
Where the willows sigh,  
And the night wind makes her moan ;  
For my lonely rest  
Will there be blest,  
While I feel the less alone !

And o'er my grave  
Some branch may wave  
Of the sad and solemn yew ;  
I can trust to them  
For my requiem,  
As the free wind whistles through !

ANSWER TO THE HON. MRS. NORTON'S  
"I CANNOT LOVE THEE."

" Love in the soul, not bold and confident,  
" But like Aurora, trembles into being ;  
" And with faint flickering, and uncertain beams,  
" Gives notice to the awakening world within us  
" Of the full blazing orb, that soon shall rise  
" And kindle all its passions. Then begin  
" Sorrow and Joy—unutterable joy,  
" And rapturous sorrow. Then, the world is nothing ;  
" Pleasure is nothing ; suffering is nothing ;  
" Ambition, riches, praise, power, all are nothing ;  
" Love rules and reigns despotic and alone !"

\* \* \* \*

" From her bright eye, the soul  
" Looks out, and, like the topmost gem o' the heap,  
" Shows the mine's wealth within. Upon her face,  
" As on a lovely landscape, shade and sunlight  
" Play, as strong feeling sways ; now her eye flashes  
" A beam of rapture : now lets drop a tear ;  
" And now upon her brow, as when the rainbow  
" Rears its fair arch in Heaven, Peace sits and gilds  
" The drops as they fall."

NEELE.


" Oh ! despair is heard  
" In but the echo of that word."

L. E. L.

ANSWER TO THE HON. MRS. NORTON'S

" I CANNOT LOVE THEE."

Oh ! say not so ! It is not thine,  
Thy message to this heart of mine ;  
Or else it is but lightly given,  
As clouds obscure the brightest heaven.  
Oh ! say not so ! Around, above,  
There is an universe of love !  
And every scene that thought e'er painted,  
And every sketch that fancy drew,  
Though it may with many a blot be tainted,  
And cheated of its fairest hue,  
Still beams at times with rainbow light,  
Still bids the waning hope to rise,  
Impressed with childhood's calm delight,  
And charmed with all her memories !



I say not that in bygone years,  
When joy passed on her fleeting wing,  
And sorrow shed her transient tears,  
The full heart's silent murmuring :  
I say not, when affection wept  
The farewell that could scarce be spoken,  
And the kindly tone of feeling kept  
The parting gift, the cherished token :  
I say not that thy lips e'er gave  
The right to hope, the right to love ;  
But fortune favoureth the brave,  
And nothing can my hope remove !  
And now I dwell on every line,  
That glows with tenderness to me,  
Oh ! say, can I the hope resign,  
That thou may'st never more be free ?  
And think that those dear words were meant  
To be an idle compliment,  
That thou could'st stoop to seek a way,  
Even in kindness to betray :  
To soften in love's dearest tone  
Despair unspeakable, unknown ;  
To soothe the heart condemned to break,  
And ask submission for *thy* sake ;

Or win the spirit by its pride,  
To be beloved, and yet denied ?

Oh ! tell me not that eyes of mine  
Wake aught but sympathy in thine ;  
Or hold thy spirit by their glance  
In any but a raptured trance :  
But rather think how full the sense  
Of their impassioned eloquence,  
And to this loving heart how dear  
Thy sweet confession of a tear !

Oh ! these fond thoughts bring me back  
To such a sweet and flowery track,  
To such a world of recollection,  
Studded with kindness and affection ;  
The brightest stars that gem the sky,  
The blissful heaven of memory.

And they change before my sight,  
The visions in this world of light ;  
Now they seem to be ideal,  
Now remembrance owns them real ;

And they come unasked, unsought,  
Their hues from every impulse caught;  
All uncertain as the rise  
Of man's proudest enterprise :  
Nor the northern lights at even  
Flit more gently o'er the heaven.

Then I mark thy childhood's hours  
Happy as the spring-time's flowers ;  
Breathing songs of keen delight,  
Brightest where all else is bright :  
And my hope grows warm again  
In these fond thoughts' peaceful reign :  
And my tears are charmed away  
By the memory of a day ;  
As I watch the lustre streaming  
From eyes of which my soul is dreaming,  
And see the flowerets earlier dress  
Bloom into perfect loveliness !

Soon the dream of joy is gone,  
And my heart is left alone ;

Alone to muse on some dear word  
Which thou hast said and I have heard;  
Which flowed spontaneous from the spring  
Of young love's imagining ;  
And, glad itself, awoke delight,  
As it won the day-spring from the night :  
Then I mark the gentle feeling  
O'er thy kind thought ever stealing  
And joyfully detect " the sense  
" Born of Truth's omnipotence,"  
Which knows by many a silent token,  
For which thine anxious spirit yearned,  
That a " true heart's chords" *are* broken  
If its love is unreturned !  
And I watch the cloud of sorrow,  
Eager thence some hope to borrow,  
As it rests upon thy soul,  
Ceaseless, and beyond control,  
Breathing o'er thy puzzled thought  
Tones from dear impressions caught ;  
Echoes on the silence breaking,  
Voices in my favour speaking ;  
Till I raise my hope again,  
Founded on thy transient pain ;



And joy to think of thy distress  
Melting into tenderness.

What art thou, that thou should'st "be  
"Such a source of woe to" me?  
What art thou that thou should'st "dare  
"Thus to play with" my "despair;"  
And persuade thyself that I  
Never for thy love can die?  
What art thou? My all on earth,  
My joy, my woe; my grief, my mirth;  
Source of every sorrow streaming;  
Spring of every rapture beaming;  
Fount whose charms can never cease;  
Rainbow which betokeneth peace—  
What art thou? Of doubt and fear  
The alone interpreter!  
What art thou? Of hope the true  
And the only avenue!  
Treasure, far before all price;  
Or a willing sacrifice!  
Precious, oh! beyond all cost;  
Brightest, when I deem thee lost;

When the words too coldly spoken  
Have the hopeful silence broken ;  
And availed to cheat the sense  
By their fearful eloquence !

Oh ! in such a dream of pain  
Long lost thoughts come back again ;  
Of mirth and sorrow ; meeting, parting ;  
Joy o'erflowing, sad tears starting ;  
For in every moment spent  
Is a world of wonderment ;  
And in every hour that flies  
Dawn a thousand memories ;  
As still there glide upon my sight,  
Alternate in their flood of light,  
Streams of sadness that we sever,  
Gleams of gladness gone for ever !

Soon a respite from my pain  
Bids me raise my hope again ;  
Or calmer thoughts of thee console  
The brooding twilight of my soul :

But ere long the changeful thought  
Is again with anguish fraught ;  
Such a tide of treasured words,  
Weapons, keener far than swords !  
Such a stream of kind thoughts spoken,  
Torture to a heart that's broken !  
Such a flood of consolation,  
Painful from association,  
Rises in my troubled breast,  
Banishing the dream of rest !

I could have borne, I think, to feel  
Thou didst not mind my woe or weal,  
And heard without a cureless pain  
My suit was treated with disdain ;  
I could have stifled every sigh,  
Concealed the passing agony,  
And humbled, reassumed my pride,  
Indignant that I was denied ;  
And said, and *almost* thought, that I  
Was saved from hopeless misery :  
But when the heart that deals the blow  
Must ever with such kindness flow ;

And when the hand that holds the pen,  
Essaying, lays it down again ;  
Unable to pursue the task,  
Weak to refuse the all I ask ;  
To write that dreadful sentence weak,  
Those words thy tongue can never speak ;  
Oh ! say, when bitter teardrops sprang  
At thought of the bewildering pang,  
Which thy too conscious spirit knew  
Would prove intense and cureless too :  
And say, when voice could not be found  
To utter such unwelcome sound ;  
But vainly murmuring died away,  
And lost the words too hard to say :  
When eyes, whose words unbidden flow,  
Were just as powerless to say " No,"  
But gazed, and glanced, and gazed again,  
As fearful of inflicting pain ;  
Yet dared not rest in silent gaze,  
But wandered in a thousand ways ;  
Afraid, perhaps, their look were bold,  
More anxious lest it *could* be cold !  
Oh ! say, can he, whose all depends  
On how the weary struggle ends,

On how thy wavering reason turns,  
On how thy kindly spirit yearns ;  
Oh ! say, can he forget to mark  
The earnest of love's fitful spark ?  
And say, can he omit to claim  
The right to fan it into flame ?  
And bid the stream of joy to cease,  
Just as it promised to increase ?  
And yield the hope, which may not die  
Till stifled in its agony ?

Oh ! Mary, it were vain to hope  
My prudence with my love could cope ;  
And lay the fear, and calm the thrill,  
Obedient to its simple will :  
Or stem the torrent when it rises,  
Whose passion e'en my soul surprises :  
But yet, when memory's fairest hue  
Dawns on my enchanted view,  
Thus recalling to the eye  
Scenes of purest harmony ;  
Or when sorrow's deepest night  
Lingers on my aching sight,

Bringing thoughts of woe which maddens  
All the soul remembrance saddens,  
Sometimes do I cease to think,  
My spirit hovering on the brink  
Of that wonderful abyss,  
Calm and sad forgetfulness :  
And I pause, for here below  
Rest is balm for every woe,  
Or how could mortal ever bear  
The anguish of concealed despair ?  
Yes—I pause—my soul is blest  
With a moment's partial rest,  
Freshened to encounter pain,  
And strengthened to endure again !

Soon the whirlwind's rising power  
Ends the spirit's tranquil hour ;  
Calmer thoughts away are flown,  
All their doubtful comfort gone ;  
Dreams of love and visions gay  
Melt insensibly away ;  
Tones from every impulse caught,  
Changes of chaotic thought ;

Joys that I recall in vain,  
And unutterable pain ;  
All too many to recount,  
And springing from the self-same fount :  
Sorrows that these eyes have wept,  
Rapture that awhile hath slept ;  
Memory's fears, and hope's relief,  
Triumph, and suspense, and grief,  
As I tell them one by one,  
Fade, and leave my heart alone.

Then I try to reason clearly,  
Weighing every truth sincerely ;  
Every thought of every kind,  
Sweet or painful to my mind ;  
Every memory, joyous, grievous,  
Which unreckoned might deceive us,  
Has its full and perfect share  
In the balance taken there ;  
Calmness tries each grain of sand  
With a most impartial hand ;  
And applies the fearful test  
Which shall bring despair or rest :  
Every impulse of thy soul  
Is given to the stern control,

Of the thought which soon shall say  
What its meaning may convey :  
Silence with success is tried ;  
Blushes range on either side ;  
Faintness weariness and tears  
Now excite my utmost fears,  
As they come and fill the scale,  
All unwilling to prevail.

Yes—they come—but not alone  
Doth thy heart their influence own ;  
There are smiles whose earnest play  
Sorrow's self might overweigh ;  
And joyous tones recur again,  
Which can more than banish pain ;  
There is interchange of thought  
Happening even when unsought ;  
Breathing, heralding a tie,  
Born of deathless sympathy !

Now I dare to lift the scale,  
Can the hope of triumph fail ?  
Can the fixed affection move ?  
Can the fear outweigh the love ?



Oh! the cloud is borne away,  
Lighter than the Ocean's spray :  
And as soon dispersed in air,  
But the love is everywhere !

Mary, I have wrung the heart  
Called to act the judge's part ;  
Doubt, and dread, and anguish pressed  
On the passion of my breast ;  
As o'er my memory faint lights played,  
In joy or agony arrayed ;  
Shedding a nervous light around,  
As hope and fear by turns were found :  
But at length the pang is o'er,  
And can ne'er assail me more :  
For I dwell on all thy sighs,  
And every dew-drop in thine eyes.  
And I mark the trusting tone  
O'er thine unconscious spirit thrown ;  
And I hear thy gentle voice  
Pause in silence to rejoice ;  
Or swell in accents full and lengthened,  
As by some strange magic strengthened.—

Tell me what I know as well,  
Not better than thy heart can tell ;  
Tell me that nor sigh nor tear  
Is the herald of a fear ;  
But that through some wondrous art,  
Most bewildering to thy heart,  
Its tone is softened by a spell  
Strange and irresistible !  
Then say what gleam hath dawned upon thee,  
And what soul stirring thought hath won thee  
That thy cold words' common sense  
Hath risen into eloquence ?

But oh ! why tell me ? why declare  
What is written everywhere ?  
What alone my sight and hearing  
Notice as alone endearing,  
As it triumphs over every thought,  
And is with boundless rapture fraught ?  
Rather thou *hast* told me well  
What thou ne'er can'st cease to tell :  
Rather thou *hast* looked and breathed  
Hopes around my spirit wreathed :

For the heart half blind with passion  
Still can read the eyes' confession :  
And the thoughts which you confess  
Are my hopes of happiness !

## FRIENDSHIP.

" It is not as a twinkling star  
    " With ever fitful beam :  
" But mildly, stedfastly, afar,  
    " Does friendship's comfort stream.

" Oh ! rather as the soft moon lends  
    " Her influence to the night,  
" And o'er a world of darkness sends  
    " Her unassuming light :

" Does friendship's hand and friendship's tone  
    " Our shadowed hearts rejoice ;  
" The hand that smooths our cares alone,  
    " The soul entrancing voice.

" And thus when joy has passed away,  
    " And sorrow's night begun,  
" Has ever friendship's cheering ray  
    " Upon the darkness won !"

ANON.

## **FRIENDSHIP.**

**FRIENDSHIP**, thou gem of the sea, for there  
Echoeth thy gladness as everywhere !  
Thou art not dependent on place or time,  
But free for ever in every clime :  
Let the billows rage in their loftiest pride,  
Say shall their waves thee from thine divide ?  
Let the dreary calm spread her gloom around,  
The vessel is stopped ; but is friendship bound ?  
Oh ! wingeth it rather its ceaseless flight  
To the scenes of day from the clouds of night,  
Or pauseth awhile o'er some valued friend,  
Whose hope knows no sleeping, whose love no end ;

But yet though given to wander far,  
And welcome on earth as the morning star,  
Thou wilt sometimes hide from the world's cold gaze,  
Which will not be warmed by thy gentle rays :  
For thou, like the pearl of the sea, awhile  
Veiling the joyfulness of thy smile,  
In the innermost shrine of the heart dost lie,  
Deep in the depths of her secrecy !

Oh ! when thou turnest away from thy rest,  
How many a heart by thy care is blest !  
For what can such joy or such solace impart,  
As friendship, the musical voice of the heart ?  
How shall we value the deep-felt words  
Flowing spontaneously from her chords ?  
How shall we tell of the charm aright,  
Whose tone is joy, and whose smile is light ?  
Better to say that nought else can beguile  
The slightest semblance of that smile ;  
Better to say that there may not be  
The faintest sound of that harmony,  
Except when friendship herself supplies  
The echo and sunshine of the skies !

Mark we a river so blithely flowing,  
And warmer beneath the bright sunbeam glowing ?  
First from its source but a trickling rill,  
It smiled in the light, and is smiling still ;  
Or sighs for the flowers of summer lost,  
And will not be bound by the winter's frost !  
So from the heart there are springs that gush,  
And bring o'er the features a beautiful blush ;  
Clear in the sunshine of peace they flow,  
Warm with the spirit of love they glow ;  
Murmuring, but with a gentle tone,  
Happy in kindness alone ;  
And washing away the dissolving ice  
Congealed by the coldness of avarice.

See ye the flower whose beauties glisten,  
Which the noon-tide's sunbeam rests upon ?  
Watch ye the sunset ? and, oh ! then listen,  
The night wind blows, and the charm is gone ;—  
Thus should friendship, a flower of earth,  
Be nursed in the sunshine from its birth ;  
And then the affection with which it glows  
The true heart, and only the true heart knows;

But it feels not the joy that will shine above,  
For friendship, the beautiful parent of love,  
Is a gentle flower, unto which it is given  
To blossom on earth, but to bloom in heaven !

Caught ye the sound of that gladdening voice  
Which may win the mourner to rejoice ?  
Felt ye the thrill of that eloquent tone ?  
Do ye not know it may be your own ?  
Oh ! in the magical stillness of eve,  
When quieter spirits no longer grieve,  
But still for awhile the excess of pain,  
And list to the echo of hope again :  
If ye would struggle for friendship's peace,  
That the sighing of sorrow awhile might cease,  
Go seize from the opal its changes bright,  
And catch from the diamond its living light,  
And then from the beautiful rainbow choose  
The choicest colours and tenderest hues :  
Borrow the voice of a rippling stream,  
Or the half-hushed tone of a heavenly dream :  
Add the pearly dew from the starlit sky,  
And soften them all into harmony ;



And hallow them all with a faint reflection,  
Caught from the Spirit of God's affection :  
And then will the fairest blossom have birth  
That God hath bestowed on the sons of earth,  
And its beauty may give us a foretaste here  
Of its joy in a purer atmosphere !

## MY THOUGHTS.

“ How most sweet it is  
“ To have one lonely treasure, which the heart  
“ Can feed upon in secret ; which can be  
“ A star in sorrow, and a flower in joy :  
“ A thought to which all other thoughts refer,  
“ A hope from whence all other hopes arise,  
“ Nursed in the solitude of happiness !”

L. E. L.

My thoughts are like an April day,  
See how it cloudeth over,  
Yet mark the light, ere those clouds unite,  
It pales away, like a dream of day,  
Or the wavering hope of a lover !  
My thoughts are like an April day,  
Fair wreathes with bright gold tints braided,

Yet watch the sky in its harmony,  
Its depth of blue hath lost its hue,  
So their *couleur de rose* hath faded !  
My thoughts are like—away, away,  
From all thralldom of rhyme or metre ;  
My thoughts are free, as they ever shall be ;  
Yet if rhyme should come to guide them home,  
They will kindly and thankfully greet her.

Away, away, my thoughts and I,  
Away where the sunlight streameth ;  
Let Nature's voice alone rejoice  
In the spot where the lover dreameth !  
I wish me the wing of the turtle dove,  
Or the skylark's loftier flight,  
For it seems more fair in higher air,  
More blissful there, more pure, more rare,  
Than the zephyr here !  
I dream that the eagle's eye may see  
Her form who is life and death to me ;  
And I envy the power that so far can gaze,  
Till the gladder thought tells of happier days  
*Which may come !*

The clouds are gone, and the sun is bright,  
My heart is bedewed as with magic light :  
Oh ! ever, oh ! ever remain, remain,  
For if thou goest, wilt thou come again,

Bright joy ?

I dream my love hath a chrysalis' life,  
A pausing from sighs and from sorrow ;  
It is hardly life !—It is rather being !—  
Like a wave of the ocean, except for its motion ;  
Like the Queen of night, only not so bright ;

Or evening's shadows sleeping :  
And I watch the wave, but it proudly rolls  
As though it would woo the shore,  
But a silent kiss is its short-lived bliss,  
Ere the tide bears it back once more !  
Then the gentle moon I would gaze upon,  
And imagine a semblance there  
To the quiet rest, which might fill my breast,  
But its calmness reflects despair !

Away, away,  
That is not for me !  
Hope dreameth, joy teemeth ;  
Love glideth away

From the thought of pain  
To the shadowy reign  
Of the sunlight's rays declining ;  
And there, oh ! there  
Is a scene so fair,  
Calm thought with sweet joy combining,  
That it seems at even,  
As though bright Heaven  
Smiled over the fretwork playing,  
While the shadows dance,  
As the hours advance,  
No picture of rest conveying !

Oh ! fruitless all ;  
No more I dream  
Of shadows, or moons, or the billow,  
Yet away, away,  
My thoughts will stray,  
Till I seek my lonely pillow ;  
Yet my thoughts are like an April day,  
Its shadows, its peace, and its gladness ;  
For it weeps awhile, ere a heavenly smile

Plays over the tears, which its charm endears,  
And whiles away its sadness.  
Then would I the aid of the minstrel's art,  
And well does the zephyr take its part,  
For it sings, as it sang in earlier days,  
With its gentle voice my spirits to raise,  
And murmuring here, and whispering there,  
It makes the quiet scene seemmore fair,  
Till away, away,  
(Oh ! whither away ?)  
The soft young breeze is taken ;  
For it moveless seems,  
As still as dreams  
Which are gone when the senses awaken !

Bright dream, farewell !—farewell the blissful tone  
Which soothed my spirit with its harmony !  
Farewell the odours that around me breathed  
The joys of Eden ! Fairest flowers, adieu !  
Farewell, ye tuneful voices of young birds,  
Who welcome April with your loving songs ;  
The harmonious tide of rapture overflowing,  
The breath of gratitude, the voice of love !

And oh ! farewell the transient hour that wore  
The blended colours of each joyous scene,  
Until the April shower has passed away,  
And all those rainbow hues come back again !

Now there is fear before me, and around  
Dark clouds are lowering ! Deeper yet becomes  
The growing blackness of the hazy sky :  
And gloomy thoughts steal o'er my fainting spirit,  
While scarce the memory of brighter days  
May twinkle as some solitary star,  
Which shames the darkness of the growing night,  
And cheers the traveller on his lonely way.

Oh ! it is strange that men who know the stars,  
And do not know their Maker ; men, whose minds  
Are shrines without a God ; perfect as ours  
For love and worship ; when the blank is felt,  
Nor patient thought relieves the vacancy ;  
Oh ! is it strange that they should deem the stars  
The noblest objects of a mortal's love ?  
That their pure light should seem to cloud eyes

The one bright thing above us ; their sweet presence  
Serene enjoyment to the wearied spirit ?

The soul of man will love ! In darkest hours  
Remembrance trims affection's failing lamp ;—  
No storm so heavy that the rainbow fails,  
No grief so sad that hope has passed away !

I pause—The joy that erst  
Around my spirit streamed,  
When all restraint it burst  
And childishness was deemed,  
For many a year forgotten,  
By many a grief repressed,  
Is gushing o'er my memory,  
Is living in my breast !  
The fountain may be silent,  
And the stream pent up with care,  
The spring no longer fill the well,  
But the fount of joy is there ;  
The water of forgetfulness  
May bid no fond thoughts rise,



But its misty exhalations  
    Bear a treasure to the skies !  
Forgetfulness, forgetfulness,  
    Thy calmness is not true,  
For Lethe fills the watery clouds,  
    And memory is their dew !  
Forgetfulness, I cannot  
    Deem the boasted prospect fair,  
Of the lake without a ripple,  
    And the soul without a care !  
Oh ! let the past be present,  
    For happy is the scene  
Where memory sheds her bode-light ray  
    So soft and so serene !  
I say not that no sorrow  
    Is faintly shadowed forth,  
Nor ill requited kindness,  
    Nor unbecoming wrath ;  
I say not that no clouds  
    Obscure the distant sky,  
But a heavenly light is shed around  
    By the aid of memory !  
I do not even vouch that one  
    Of all our by-gone hours,

Is as a thornless rose bush,  
Or sunshine without showers :  
But I say that all the roughness  
Of life's stern way is gone,  
And o'er experienced dangers  
Experienced light hath shone !  
And I say our Father's mercies  
In brightest splendour shine,  
And, while His the praise and glory,  
The gratitude is mine !  
And I say that all the present  
Unites with all the past,  
To tell me that my future,  
Though it may be overcast,  
Though joy may fail, and grief may come,  
Hath a hope that will endure ;  
And, though many a storm be gathering round,  
Its anchor is secure !  
And am I then too fondly given  
To draw encouragement from Heaven ?  
And do I not interpret fairly  
The blessings shed upon me early ;  
When childhood played, and boyhood smiled,  
And still those gifts the years beguiled  
When I had ceased to be a child ?

Oh ! say not that, if deeper trial  
Be drawn on that mysterious dial,  
Which marks a change in each brief hour,  
For every man, and every flower :  
Oh ! say not in distress unthought,  
And lonely hours with anguish fraught ;  
And grief, the fatal weight that wears  
The writhing spirit with its cares ;  
And fears, which perhaps may dim the ray  
That cannot quite have passed away ;  
And sad suspense, whose constant breath  
Speaks vainly to that hope of death :  
Oh ! say not that no healing balm  
Can cause the spirit to be calm !  
For feel I not a Father's hand,  
Which every trial can withstand ?  
And was His promise not for me  
That " as thy days thy strength shall be ?"

They say that chameleons change their hue,  
When the sunshine brightly beameth,  
And my thoughts are wont the same to do,  
When hope o'er my spirit streameth ;

They say that the poor and pallid creature  
A livery bright may wear,  
And the hue of health be in every feature,  
And the vigour of youth be there ;  
And they tell, moreover, in fabled story,  
Of their larger and larger growing,  
As though they could *will* to increase in glory,  
With their various colours glowing :  
But, oh ! I know that the sun ascending,  
As it brighter and brighter shineth,  
Soft shades, bright tints, and deep shadows blending,  
Full many a change designeth :  
And I deem that the light which gloweth around me,  
And is coy as a blushing maiden,  
Is akin to the hope which so long hath bound me,  
Still buoyant, though heavy laden !

Oh ! a lover's dreams have various hues,  
And all in turn will fade,  
Changed quickly as dissolving views,  
Or sunshine into shade !  
The hour that passed in fairest thought,  
And brightest joy arrayed,

Is followed by another fraught  
With fear and hope dismayed !  
I cannot find an emblem flower  
To match the human heart ;  
The sun may change it in an hour,  
And all its sweets depart :  
The heavy storm may break the stem,  
And scatter all its leaves ;  
The dying flower regretteth them,  
*Man for a moment grieves !*  
But Scott, the minstrel of the heart,  
Who knew its changes well,  
Hath given its elastic part  
Unto the light harebell ;  
For, trodden by some lovely one,  
It for a moment lies ;  
Content, when the soft pressure's gone,  
And sure again to rise.

Alas ! alas ! the white clouds pass,  
And darker grows the sky,  
The breezes now are faint and low,

And yet around, above, below,  
There still is harmony !  
Away, away, they may not stay  
Those snowy pillars there ;  
The fleecy clouds have passed away,  
And duller grows the air.

Oh ! gone is my moment of pleasure,  
And hushed is my breath of delight ;  
With the loss of my only treasure  
All around wears the blackness of night :  
They know not, the cold ones around me,  
Though full their affection may shine,  
How firmly thy spirit hath bound me,  
How my heart centred only in thine ;  
They know not, who speak of my sorrow  
As a cloud the bright sunshine concealing,  
That I never could welcome the morrow,  
Which would deaden the holy feeling :  
They know not that death has no sadness,  
And life no enjoyment for me,  
And my only conceivable gladness  
Is with thy free spirit to be.—

I wander ! Oh ! the painful thought,  
I know not from what impulse caught  
As when to one rapt up to Heaven  
A momentary glimpse was given,  
So deep he felt the joy revealed,  
All power of utterance was sealed ;  
But dazzled with the living light  
He felt the bliss vouchsafed to sight ;  
And speechless kept the chain unbroken  
Of words by mortal never spoken :  
Oh ! when the erring thought had power  
To fill with woe my dreary hour ;  
When fear, so ready to discover  
The cup of anguish running over,  
Bade tears to stream and joy to cease,  
And resignation gasped for peace ;  
And, pointing to the Holy One,  
Faith wept and prayed " Thy will be done ;"  
And hope saw nothing more on earth,  
I gloried in love's heavenly birth !  
For ye, who sadly dream that woe  
May darken all our path below,  
Who gazed upon the cloudless sky,  
When joy was full and hope was high ;

And felt with every fragrant breeze  
The glow of health, the spring of ease ;  
And now, if threatening clouds shall break,  
And all, save One, your love forsake ;  
While hopeless of this world's relief,  
In dark extremity of grief,  
Who look to Heaven, and in despair  
Can see no brighter watchlight there !  
Oh ! listen to the grateful tale  
Of one whose hope can never fail,  
For I tell you that love is a thing that lives,  
    And a thing that can never die ;  
To love as a true heart loves on earth  
    Is to love for eternity !  
I own that it hath its anxious hours,  
    As the cedar its darker leaves,  
But the deathless joy of its springing flowers  
    He only who loves conceives.  
I feel that the moment of trial may come,  
    And sorrow may shed her tears,  
But I know that the dewdrop which decks the rose  
    The breath of its fragrance endears.  
In the midst of woe, while here below,  
    can point to the realms above,



And be sure despair cannot enter there,  
Where I know that all is love.  
Though our's be the scene of sorrow's birth,  
Yet hope will her banner raise,  
For the love which a true heart feels on earth  
Is not the love of days !  
So I tell you that love is a thing that lives,  
And a thing that can never die ;  
To love, as my Mary and I shall love,  
Is to love for eternity !

THE END.



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